

THE GRAPHIC

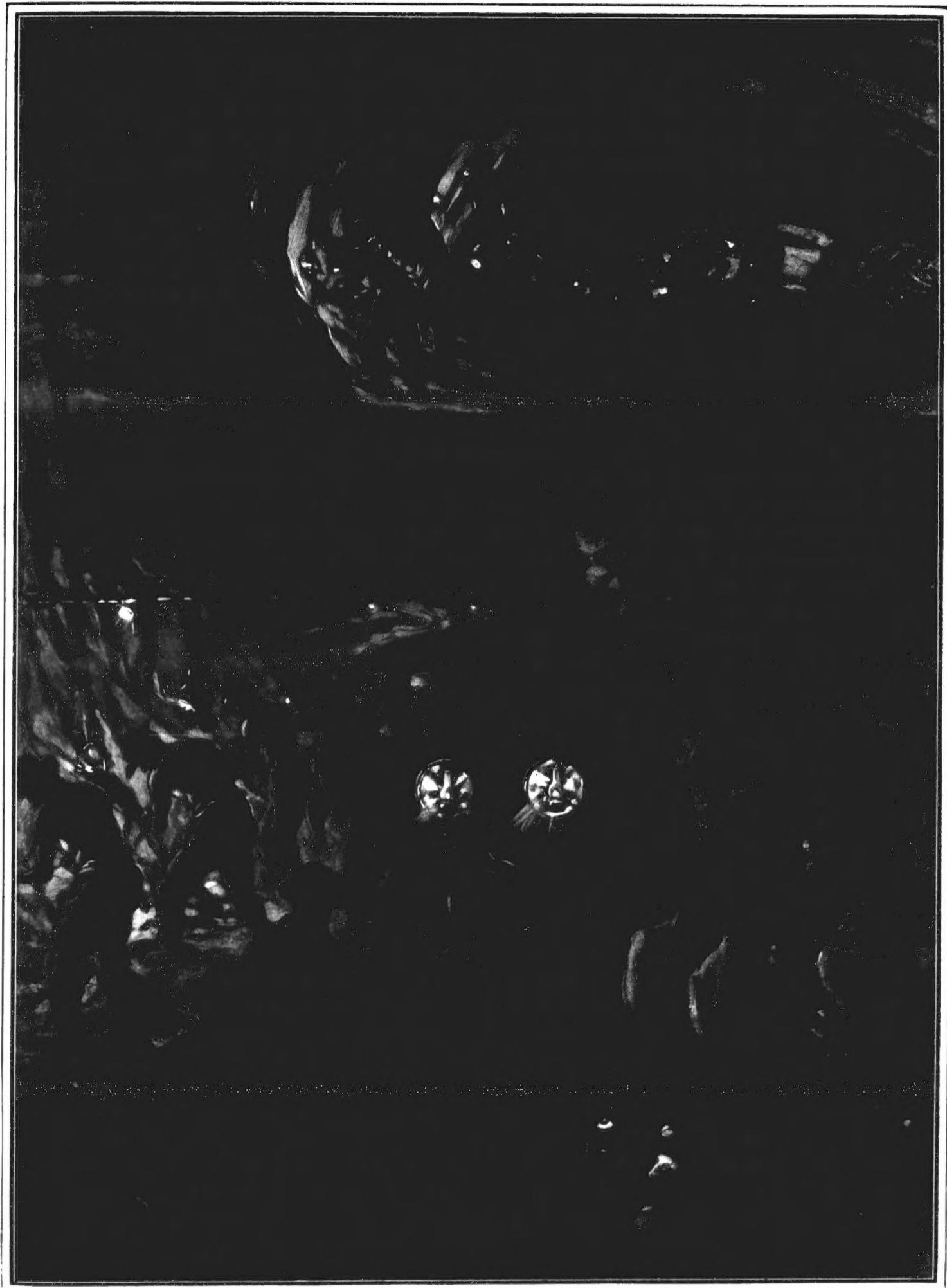
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1902

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BRINGING A NEW SHIFT TO THE HEAD OF THE WORKS AT THE ITALIAN END
THE MAKING OF THE SIMPLON TUNNEL

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY M. LANOS

Topics of the Week

The European Unrest

EVER since the death of King Humbert of Italy, the possibility of a collapse of the Triple Alliance has haunted the European chancelleries. During the last few months this apprehension has assumed a very substantial shape. The Toulon demonstration of last year, the ostentatious Francophilism of the Italian Cabinet, the capitulation of Count Von Buelow to the German Agrarians, and, finally, the Franco-Italian understanding in regard to Tripoli, and the significant comments upon it by M. Barrère and M. Delcassé, all tend to show that Prince Bismarck's famous Alliance is seriously threatened. Nor are the disturbing elements limited to Italy. Austria-Hungary is no longer as enamoured of the Alliance as she formerly was. The new economic policy of Germany has given fresh courage to all the anti-Tripartite elements in the Dual Monarchy, and those elements have, of late, been strengthened by the increased power of the Austrian Slavs and the hostility to Germany excited in Galicia by the repressive policy of Prussia in Posen. A further disintegrating influence has been supplied by the sinister growth of Anglophobia in Germany. However resolved the British and German Governments may be to act together, there can be no question that their efforts must be impeded if the national spirit is against them. Already the anti-British feeling in Germany has produced a very decided resentment in this country, with the result that quite a formidable agitation for an understanding with the Dual Alliance has been set on foot. It is not difficult to see what might happen if the Opposition, desiring the principle of the continuity of foreign policy and realising that Liberal tradition was Francophil under Lord Palmerston and Russophil under Mr. Gladstone, were to determine to humour and profit by this agitation. In that case the remaking of Europe would be well within the field of practical politics. There can be no question that unless the sober statesmanship of Europe makes a very great effort a serious crisis in the International situation will soon be upon us. No thinking politician can view such a crisis without apprehension. The present equilibrium of alliances is not, perhaps, the most perfect system that could be devised; but at any rate it has proved a sound basis for the peace of the world. A disturbance of it in the direction which present indications seem to forebode would be an unmitigated disaster. Europe cannot wish to be dictated to by the hot-heads of Paris or the vindictive obscurantists of Moscow.

Mended China

THE return of the Imperial Court to Peking, after its prolonged sojourn in the wilderness, will, no doubt, be accepted by the Chinese as a convincing proof of victory over the outer barbarians. Every care has been taken by the official world to obliterate all marks of the foreign occupation; the city looks, if not too closely inspected, precisely as it did before the flitting of the Court. Lath-and-plaster fortifications of exactly the same patterns replace the more substantial ones that were knocked to bits by brutal gunfire, while as for the valuables that have vanished from the Royal palaces, Celestial skill in "squeezing" may be safely trusted to obtain others of equal quality to make good the loss. The indemnity is, it must be confessed, an awkward fact to harmonise with vaunts of victory, but the intelligent minds of the Foreign Minister and his colleagues will, no doubt, prove equal to the feat. It may be asked, perhaps, where, amid all these manifestations of triumph, there is any suggestion of the promised re-birth of the moribund Empire through the instrumentality of reform. The only sign so far, is the engagement of some Japanese officers to train the Chinese braves as efficient soldiers. But that may be merely make-believe; the Empress-Dowager is quite aware, we fancy, that nothing frightens the Western world more terribly than the military and naval fusion of Japan and China, as a measure of protection against foreign aggressiveness. That is the standing difficulty of Europeans when attempting to reckon up Far Eastern politics; they cannot differentiate between the sham and the real. But even admitting that the fraternisation has some sincerity at its bottom—it is a large admission—it remains to be seen whether the Manchu soldiery, who regard their insular neighbours as detestable demons, will consent to submit to the tutelage of these hated enemies. The Manchu warrior is a poor sort of fighting man, but there is far more patriotism and pride of race in him than in the Southern Chinese, and perhaps more pluck.

Sanatoria for Consumptives NEVER was a noble gift put to nobler use than when the King decided to devote Sir Ernest Cassel's splendid donation to the provision of additional sanatoria for the open-air treatment of tuberculosis. Only of late years has that terrible malady come within reach of curative effort; previously, it was regarded as the almost inevitable forerunner of death. Medical science, happily, no longer views it in that light; among those doctors who have studied consumption most closely, there is growing conviction that, if taken in its earlier stages and dealt with on open-air principles, the disease can be completely eradicated. Hence the urgent need for the institutions which King Edward has "for a long time felt the necessity of." But their usefulness will not be limited to the patients themselves; the medical men in attendance cannot fail to gain largely in knowledge from devoting all their time and thoughts to the most dread scourge of the British nation. There is no longer that feeling of hopelessness which used to paralyse medical endeavour; instead of that despair which seared parents from children for the assumed benefit of a long sea voyage from which the banished invalids rarely came back, the consumptive will for the future have a good chance of recovery with relations and friends close at hand. It is purposed, too, to set apart the chief portion of the accommodation for poor patients who cannot afford the payment of fees. Sir Ernest Cassel may rest assured, therefore, that his splendid munificence will reach to all classes; but he probably mentally sure on that point when he chose His Majesty for his almoner. The King's Samaritan efforts in connection with the London hospitals and other great charities rendered it certain that the poor would benefit equally with the rich, or perhaps in a higher degree, from the new institutions.

The Court

WITH the opening of Parliament in State next week, the King and Queen will begin the long series of State ceremonies and Court entertainments, which are to mark this important Coronation year. Their Majesties, therefore, have taken a quiet, restful fortnight at Sandringham to prepare themselves for the heavy duties in prospect. Only near relatives and very intimate friends have been with them—the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Alexander of Teck, Lord and Lady Farquhar, Sir Allan Young, Lieutenant-Col. H. M. Grenfell, and a few others. As usual, the King and his guests have been out shooting when the weather permitted, heavy and boisterous gales having spoiled sport on many occasions. The Queen, though quite recovered, is obliged to be careful after her severe chill, but the Princess and the ladies of the party have walked and driven a good deal. The King and Queen and family were at Sandringham Church on Sunday morning, when the Bishop of Brisbane preached on behalf of the Brisbane Cathedral Building Fund (Queen Victoria Memorial). The Bishop was presented to their Majesties, who invited him to lunch. The King comes up to town next Monday, to hold a Council, but the Queen will not follow till a day or two later, arriving just in time for the opening of Parliament on Thursday. Her presence at the ceremony depends on her health, however, and it is just possible that Her Majesty might be absent. So far, however, the Queen intends to come, and, at all events, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark return to town next week for the occasion. Prince Charles is going home shortly, but the Princess may stay a few weeks longer in England. Among next week's arrangements King Edward will, on Wednesday, inspect the reinforcements from the Guards going to South Africa.

No slight importance is being attached in Berlin to the Prince of Wales attending the Kaiser's birthday celebration. Until King Edward's Coronation is over His Majesty cannot pay formal visits to crowned heads, but in view of the very cordial relations between the British and German Sovereigns, King Edward suggested that his son should go to Berlin for the Imperial birthday. Emperor William highly appreciated the compliment, and will give the Prince a splendid reception when he arrives on the 25th inst. As the German Emperor has put off all Court festivities until after the anniversary of Queen Victoria's death—January 22—there will be a great deal of gaiety crowded into the Prince's stay, besides the actual birthday celebration on January 27, when Emperor William will be forty-three. The Prince and Princess of Wales have many important public duties in view this spring. On March 3rd they go down West to cut the first sod of the new dock at Avonmouth, and will stay with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton. In the following week the Prince is due at Manchester to open the Whitworth Hall, and possibly he may then pay the deferred visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth which was to have taken place this week. Reports are abroad that the Prince may go for a trip to India next winter.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and family have stayed in town for the New Year, but will shortly be returning to Ireland for the Duke to resume his military duties. The Duke and his second daughter, Princess Patricia, paid a surprise visit to the new London Soldiers' Home in Eccleston Street, Buckingham Palace Road, where the Duke inspected all the arrangements minutely.—Princess Christian has been busy with Christmas entertainments. Accompanied by her two daughters, she spent one afternoon at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, distributing presents from the officers of the Scots Guards to the wives and children of their men.

The Old Masters at Burlington House

ALTHOUGH the most useful and the most noble function of the Royal Academy, theoretically speaking, is the encouragement of modern art—the function involved in its schools and in promotion of the spring exhibition—the most delightful is the winter display of Old Masters, which draws all art-lovers to Piccadilly. In these rooms the level is tremendously high and the interest is constantly changing—it is as if a new, though unofficial, National Gallery was brought before us and changed year by year for our delectation. The five years' break in this class of mixed display is at an end, and this winter we have once more a series of rooms hung with many masterpieces, quaint in their variety. There are not a few among these works which had better not be there; but the conditions under which the Academy has to work, must necessarily make it difficult, if not impossible, to refuse to exhibit works, if not too poor, when offered by owners, who are otherwise generous lenders of splendid contributions.

No doubt the public will rush to see the great "St. Antonio" by Raphael, which Mr. Pierpoint Morgan has bought for nearly a hundred thousand pounds; for the price would doubtless bring as visitors the very people who despised it when it was at the South Kensington Museum, after the refusal of it by the National Gallery. It is a most interesting work, coming, in point of date, between the Dudley "Crucifixion" and our "Ansidei Madonna" in the National Gallery. As an early example of Raphael's art, in very fair condition, and belonging to a class now no longer procurable, it is, doubtless, "worth the money;" but it is not nearly so beautiful as ours, and is, besides, far more formal and Perugesque. It is curious that the other paintings forming the pridella of this altarpiece, belonging to Lord Wantage and Sir Frederick Cook, are also in the collection, and hang as pendants in Room 1.

But after looking at this fine work, and certain other exquisite paintings lent by the same redoubtable collector—the lovely Van Dyck portrait of "A Lady and a Little Girl" (surely this is the Balli Countess?), the "Holy Family," attributed to Titian, and the wonderful brown landscape by Rembrandt, and after enjoying the exquisite little Pesellinos, the ordinary visitor will probably find his greatest pleasure in the roomful of Claudes. This is, without doubt, the most superb collection of this great and popular master ever brought together; nay, it is the most brilliant that it is possible to bring together, although the canvases in the National Gallery are not available, and the six in the possession of the King could not, for good reasons, be secured. But with that masterpiece—Lady Wantage's "The Enchanted Castle"—is the fine and delicate "Landscape" belonging to Mr. James Knowles; Lord Yarborough's "Recompense du Village," the scarcely surpassable series lent by Lord Northbrook, and Lord Radnor's great canvas—in which we may see all the phisés of Claude, in cool grey and green, ruddy and blue—with all of these we have a collection which we could scarce see bettered, except by the omission of one or two. Here the Lorrainer can be studied in his earlier precision and in his more mellow manner, with his tremendous merits and his occasional minor defects, as we consider them nowadays, of composition.

It is useless to attempt a general disquisition upon such a collection, when a single picture would properly be the text for the whole article. But there are bits here and there which will attract the attention of the ordinary visitor. He will probably rejoice in Van Dyck's "Sir John Suckling," not so much for the sake of the portrait as because there is introduced, in the most striking and intrusive manner, the only painted example we know of, of a First Folio of Shakespeare's plays: the book is held open at "Hamlet." He will marvel, if he understands painting, at the execution of the man's black dress in Frank Hals' wonderful portrait of "Michael de Waal"—a handling which seems to defy inquiry into how it was done. He will compare the two Claudes in Room 3 (the Duke of Westminster's and Lord Radnor's), and wonder if the latter is a replica or a copy of the other; he will speculate on the attribution of Mr. Banks' "Las Meninas" to Velasquez, and of a certain "Madonna and Child" to Raphael. These are but a few points. There are many others connected with pictures by masters more primitive, and masters of a later date; but they are chiefly masters that attract the lover of the historical side of art. The purely sensuous and emotional sides are there for the less curious and more genuine art-lover; while for the true connoisseur, there are the magnificent series of Claude's drawings, which is an "Old Masters' Exhibition" by itself.

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The Upstader

"Stand by," CAPTAIN CUTTER

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

ONCE upon a time, I wrote an article to prove that Dog was the superior animal, and I think that I brought forward sufficient argument to prove that Man occupied but a very poor second place. Lately, I have been considering this matter very attentively, and though I have come to the conclusion that I cannot yet exalt Man above Dog, there is an animal—especially in the hideous hibernal weather we have recently experienced—that I would even place higher than Dog, and that is Dormouse. In the frost, the snow, the sleet, the rain, the mud and the slush from which we have latterly suffered, Dog would have been irrepressible. He would have splashed through the puddles, he would have barked at the horses, he would have put himself within an inch of juggernaut, he would have yelped at the cycles, and he would have pranced generally around everything. Not so Dormouse. He troubles himself about nothing, he looks with contempt upon gruesome weather, a filthy climate and a miserable world. He simply closes his brown eyes, curls himself into a ball of warm fur, and refuses to wake or move till the weather improves and things generally get more comfortable. Now, with all our wisdom, all our acuteness and all our superiority, is there any one of us that can rival the intelligence of the Dormouse? Look at the economy, the common-sense, the comfort of the whole proceeding. My brethren, let us strive to imitate this sleek and insignificant animal, let us establish a Dormouse Society, and see if we cannot contrive to sleep through the most miserable months of the year.

Should sweeps arrayed in their professional garments be permitted to wander about the streets of London after dark? This sounds very much like a subject for a discussion forum, or a debating society, or any of those institutions where they waste a great deal of time in argument. It is, however, nothing but a simple query from a very practical person. I believe a sweep in his working soot is not allowed inside an omnibus, and I fancy the baker, well flouried, is equally objected to by inside passengers—therefore I think some regulation might be made against the perambulation of sweeps in the full livery of their trade at night-time. Of course by daylight it is altogether different. Then you can see a sweep a mile off, and are prepared to give him a wide berth if he happens to come your way, but it is an altogether different thing when you meet one of these brethren of the brush at eventide. I ought to know—because it was only yesterday one of those gentlemen disguised in lampblack crept against me in Whitehall, and left a distinct impression of his professional skill all down one side of my overcoat, and made me feel as if I had been attempting to

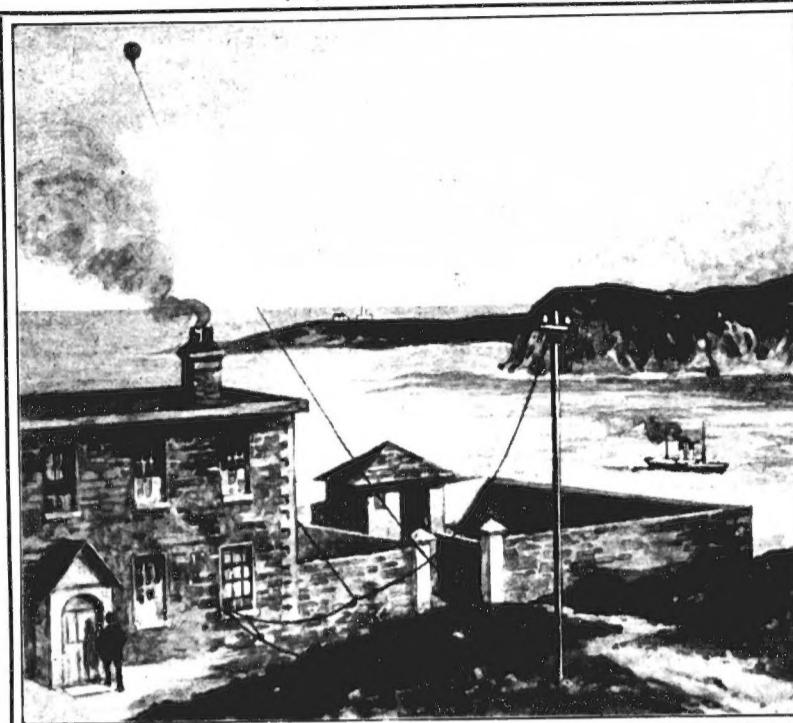
do a little amateur chimney-sweeping on my own account.

It will be curious to see what effect Mr. Ranger Gull's powerful story, "The Cigarette Smoker," will have on the universal and rapidly increasing practice of cigarette-smoking. In the preface he informs us that though treatises on nicotine-poisoning have appeared in Murrell's great work on Toxicology, of cigarette inhaling as a modern vice there is no word, and he furthermore says: "After diligent inquiry, I have failed to trace any other book which treats of the vice of cigarette-smoking. Even the medical treatises on the subject are obscure and inadequate." I am rather inclined to think that in the *Lancet* from time to time there have been some trenchant and outspoken articles on this subject, and I fancy that I can recall a paper that appeared in this journal some years ago, in which some startling facts were announced, followed by the most outspoken comments. The writer boldly stated that cigarette-smoking is "scarcely less injurious, in a subtle and generally unrecognised way, than the habit of taking nips between meals." He also informed us that, "owing to the way the tobacco leaf is shredded, coupled with the fact that it is brought into more direct relation with the mouth and air passages than when it is smoked in a pipe or cigar, the effects produced on the nervous system by a free consumption of cigarettes are now more marked and characteristic than those recognisable after recourse to other methods of smoking." In the same article may be read:—"A pulse-tracing made after the subject has smoked a dozen cigarettes will, as a rule, be flatter and more indicative of depression than one taken after the smoking of cigars." If I mistake not, the article from which quotations have been made is only one out of the many of the counterblasts that have appeared from time to time in the *Lancet* with regard to the smoking of cigarettes.

Till my proposition of appointing an artist as one of the Conservators of the Thames is carried out, we shall be perpetually liable to vandalism on its banks in one form or the other. I alluded some time ago to the possibility of the picturesque old white bridge which connects the villages of Pang-

Cape Spear Lighthouse

Black Head



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. HAYWARD

THE HOSPITAL AT SIGNAL HILL, NEWFOUNDLAND, WHERE MR. MARCONI RECEIVED COMMUNICATION FROM ENGLAND BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

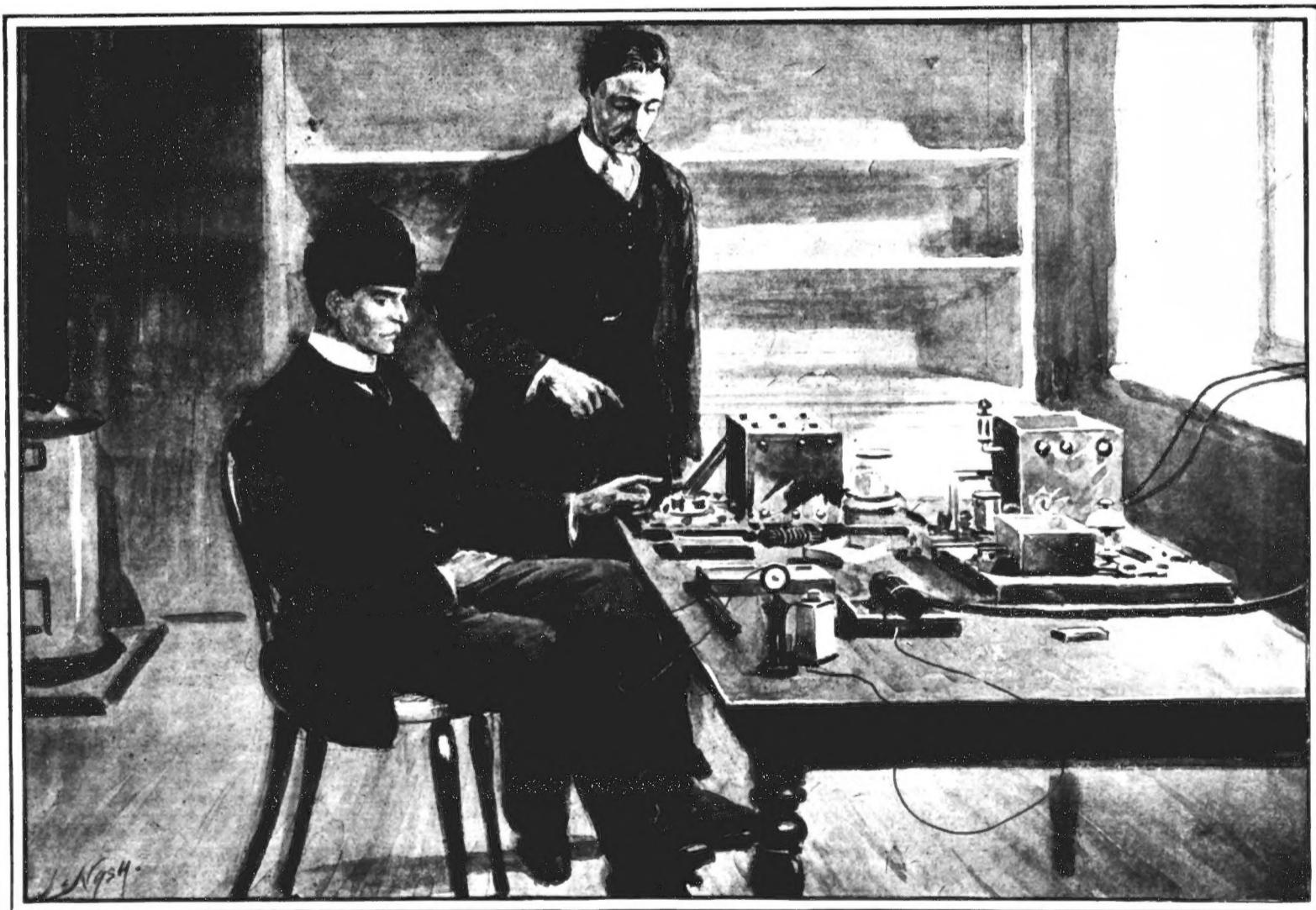
bourne and Whitchurch being removed in favour of some commonplace structure, but I was under the impression that better counsels had prevailed and that the project had been abandoned. I am grieved, however, to see this is not the case, by a recent letter in the *Westminster Gazette*, which says:—

"The old wooden bridge, a picturesque feature of the lovely scene, is now unsafe, and the bridge company intend to supersede it by that horrible invention—an iron bridge—than which nothing could scarcely be more ugly and unsuitable." We have only to point to the hideous iron-work at Cookham and at Hampton Court to demonstrate what is likely to happen at Pangbourne.

"Cease, Pro Boreas, blustering Railer!" is what we would fain sing to the Pro-Bores who are spoiling London and ruining the suburbs and despoiling the country generally with their tubes, their tunnels, and their light railways. Has it never occurred to anyone that though railways up to a certain point may be beneficial and remunerative, if they are in excess they cease to pay and become a nuisance? It seems to me we are even now exceeding the limit, and if at the beginning of the present year an edict were to be promulgated that no further railways should be made in Great Britain, there is but little doubt that the prosperity of the country would be materially increased. That they relieve the traffic in London has been shown to be a fallacy. The more tubes there are the more the traffic will be increased.

Mr. Marconi's Experiments

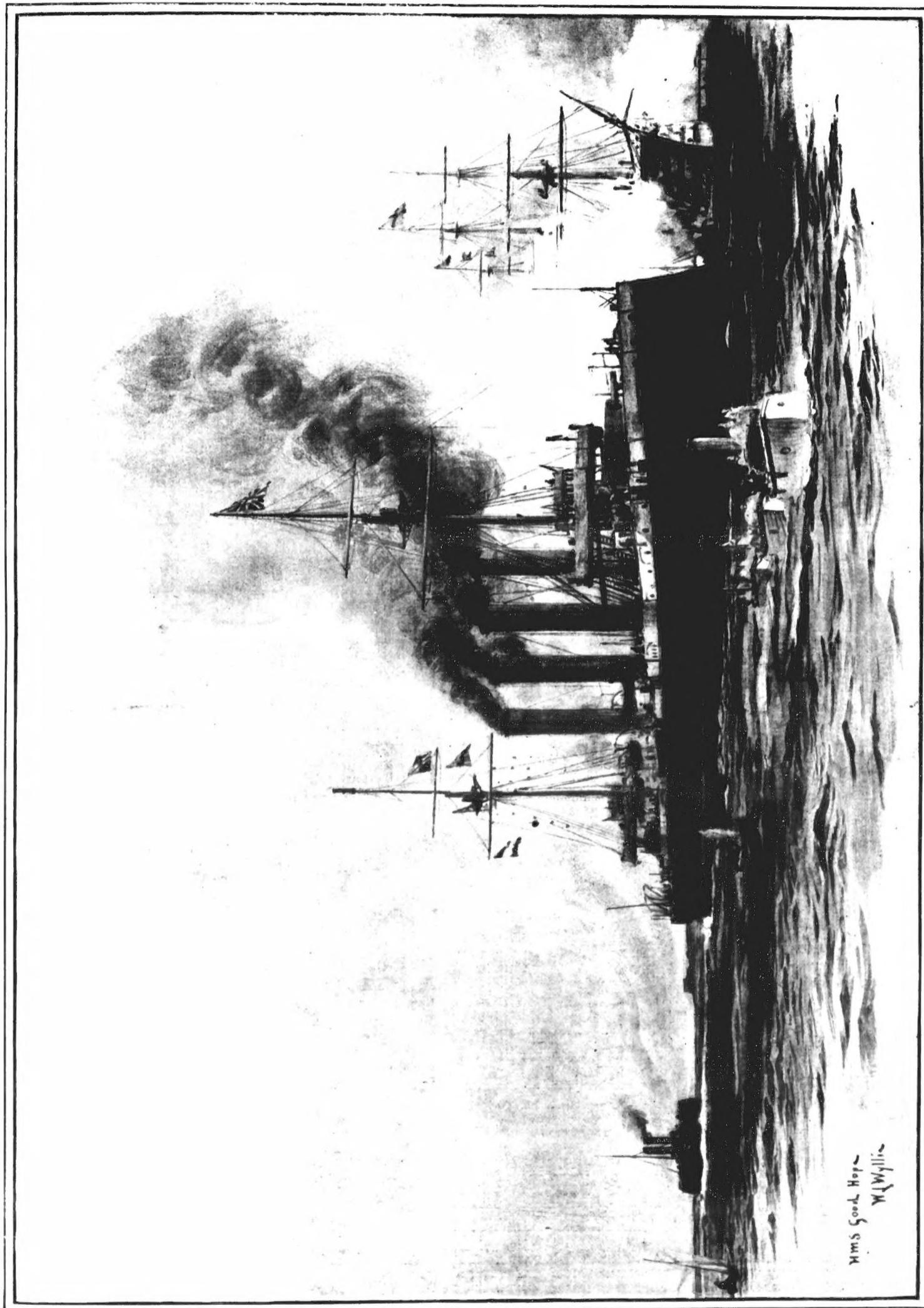
THE close of the first year of the new century has witnessed what must be regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of applied science. Mr. Marconi, whose experiments in wireless telegraphy have been watched with interest for some time past, has received on the shores of Newfoundland signals transmitted from his station at Poldhu, in Cornwall, and Mr. Edison, who was at first sceptical on the subject, is now convinced that Mr. Marconi will carry out his system successfully. In the meantime the Anglo-American Telegraph Company warned Mr. Marconi that he was trespassing on their rights in making his experiments in Newfoundland. The Canadian Government, however, has offered to assist Mr. Marconi in every way, and he has gone to Ottawa, and will probably establish a station on Sable Island, or the Cape Breton Coast.



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY J. W. HAYWARD

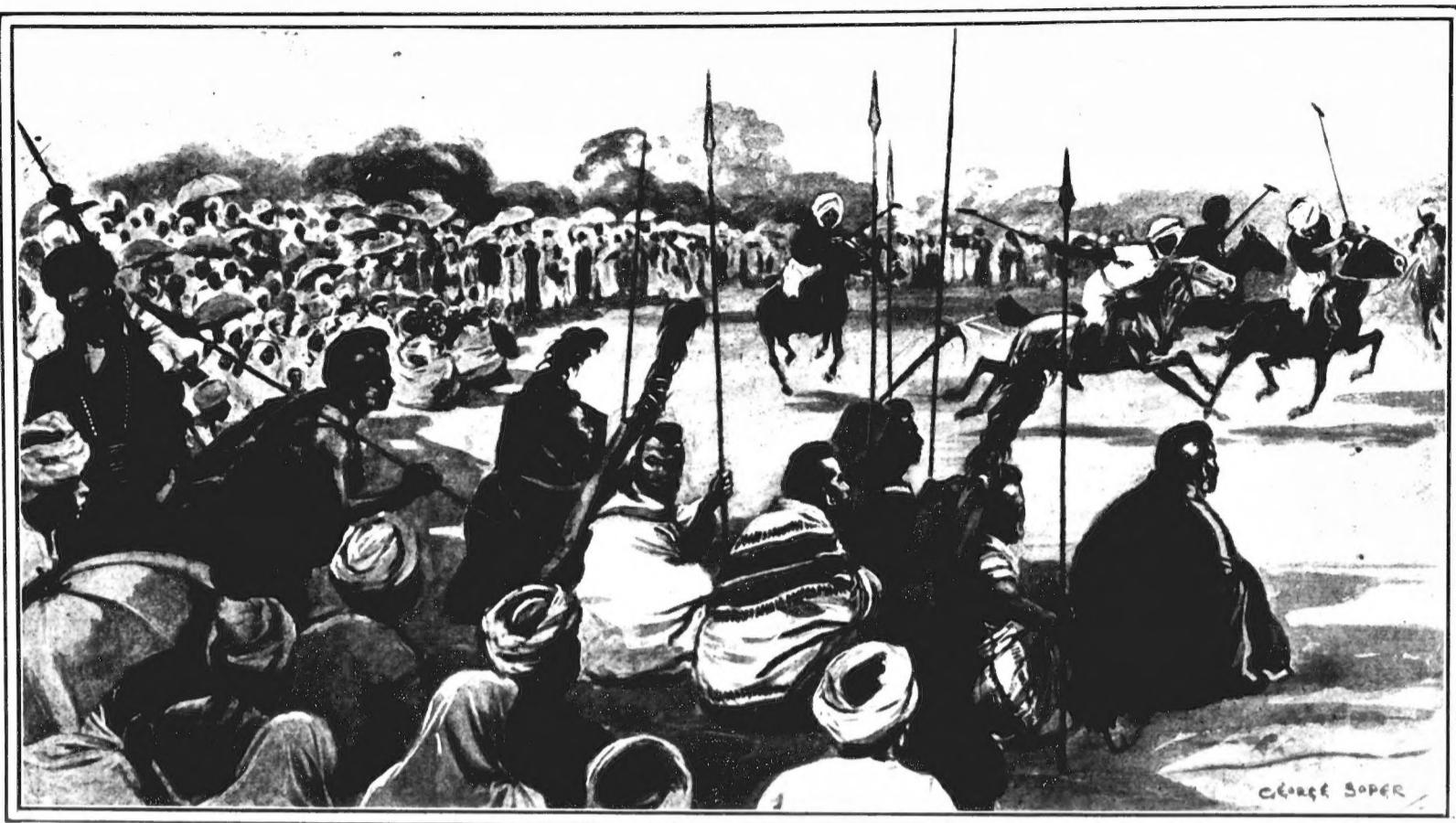
MR. MARCONI AND HIS ASSISTANT, MR. GEORGE KEMP RECEIVING THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC MESSAGE BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN A ROOM IN THE CONTAGIOUS HOSPITAL AT SIGNAL HILL, NEWFOUNDLAND



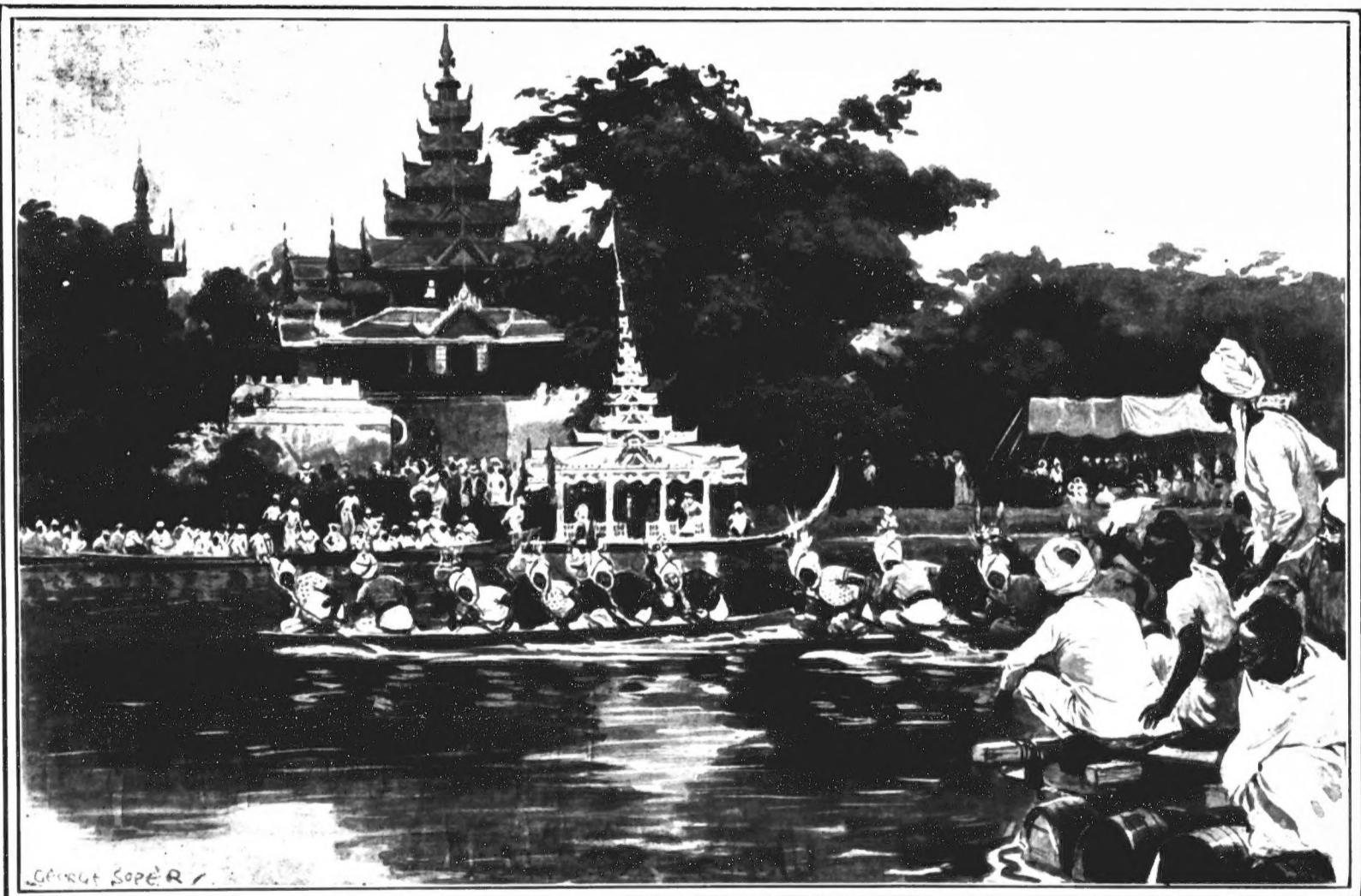
H.M.S. *Good Hope*, which has been built on the Clyde at the expense of the Cape Government for the British Navy, is one of the largest vessels which has steamed into Portsmouth Harbour. She displaces 14,100 tons, draws only 28ft. of water, and has an indicated horse-power of 30,000. She is designed to steam twenty-three knots an hour, and has bunker room for 1,250 tons of coal. The *Good Hope's* armament will consist of two 9-2in., sixteen 6in., and seventeen smaller quick-firing guns.

C A P E C O L O N Y S P R E S E N T T O T H E O L D C O U N T R Y : H. M. S. "G O O D H O P E," WHICH HAS ARRIVED AT P O R T S M O U T H

DRAWS BY W. L. WYLIE, A.R.A.



THE VICEROY'S TOUR IN BURMAH: NAGA TRIBESMEN WATCHING MANIPURIS PLAYING POLO



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOOPER

Lord Curzon is the first Viceroy to travel to Burmah by way of Manipur, and his selection of that route, in spite of all its drawbacks of bad roads, &c., has won him much admiration among the tribesmen. Among other entertainments attended by Lord Curzon in Manipur was a polo match, played by Manipuris, at which several Naga warriors, in their picturesque attire, were present. The journey from

Tammu to Mandalay was done by rail, and at the latter place the Viceroy had an enthusiastic reception. One of our illustrations shows Lord Curzon in a State barge watching a native boat race. The building in the background is Government House

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. M. SAMUELS

THE VICEROY'S TOUR: A BURMESE BOAT RACE WITNESSED BY HIS EXCELLENCY AT MANDALAY



"Glad to see you, Captain Cable," he said. Cable finished drying the salt water from his face with a blue cotton handkerchief before he shook hands"

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER III.

A SPECIALITY

A MUDDY sea and a dirty grey sky, a cold rain and a moaning wind. Short-capped waves breaking to leeward in a little hiss of spray. The water itself sandy and discoloured. Far away to the east, where the green-grey and the dirty grey merge into one, a windmill spinning in the breeze: Holland. Near at hand, standing in the sea, the picture of wet and disconsolate solitude, a little beacon, erect on three legs, like a bandbox affixed to a giant easel. It is alight, although it is broad daylight; for it is always alight, always gravely revolving, night and day, alone on this sandbank in the North Sea. It is tended once in three weeks. The lamp is filled, the wick is trimmed—the screen, which is ingeniously made to revolve by the heat of the lamp, is lubricated—and the beacon is left to its solitude and its work.

[Copyright, 1902, by Mr. H. S. Scott, in the United States of America.]

There must be land to the eastward though nothing but the spinning mill is visible. The land is below the level of the sea. There is probably an entrance to some canal behind the moving sandbank. This is one of the waste-places of the world—a place left clean on sailors' charts; no one passes that way. These banks are as deadly as many rocks which have earned for themselves a dreaded name in maritime story. For they never relinquish anything that touches them. They are soft and gentle in their embrace; they slowly suck in the ship that comes within their grasp. Their story is a long, grim tale of disaster. Their treasure is vast and stored beneath a weight, half-sand, half-water, which must ever baffle the ingenuity of man. Fog, the sailors' deadliest foe, has its home on these waters, rising on the low-lying lands and creeping out to sea, where it blows to and fro, for weeks and weeks together. When all the world is blue and sunny, fog-banks lie like a sheet of cotton wool on these coasts.

"Barrin' fogs—always barrin' fogs!" Captain Cable had said as his last word on leaving the Signal House. "If ye

wait a month never move in a fog in these waters, or ye'll move straight to Davy Jones!"

And chance favoured him, for a gale of wind came instead of a fog, one of those May gales that swoop down from the north-west without warning or reason.

At sunset the "Olaf" had crept cautiously in from the west—a high-prowed, well-decked, square-rigged steamer of the old school, with her name written large amidships and her side-lights set aft. Captain Petersen was a cautious man, and came on with the leadsmen working like a clock. He was a man who moved slowly. And at sea, as in life, he who moves slowly often runs many dangers which a greater confidence and a little dash would avoid. He who moves slowly is the prey of every current.

Captain Petersen steamed in behind the beacon. He sighted the windmill very carefully, very correctly, very cautiously. He described a half-circle round the bank hidden a few feet below the muddy water. Then he steamed slowly seawards, keeping the windmill full astern and the beacon on his port-quarter. When the beacon was

bearing south-east he rang the engine-room bell. The steamer, hardly moving before, stopped dead, its bluff nose turned to the wind and the rustling waves. Then Captain Petersen held up his hand to the first mate, who was on the high forecastle, and the anchor splashed over. The "Olaf" was anchored at the head of a submarine bay. She had shoal-water all round her, and no vessel could get at her unless it came as she had come. The sun went down, and the red-grey clouds in the stormy west slowly faded into night. There was no land in sight. Even the whirling windmill was below the horizon now. Only the three-legged beacon stood near, turning its winking, wondering eye round the waste of waters.

Here the "Olaf" rode out the gale that raged all through the night, and in the morning there was no peace, for it still rained and the north-west wind still blew hard. There was no depth of water, however, to make a sea big enough to affect large vessels. The "Olaf" rode easily enough, and only pitched her nose into the yellow sea from time to time, throwing a cloud of spray over the length of her decks, like a bird at its bath.

Soon after daylight the Prince Martin Bukaty came on deck, gay and lively in his borrowed oilskins. His blue eyes laughed in the shadow of the black sou'-wester tied down over his eyes, his slight form was lost in the ample folds of Captain Petersen's best oil-skin coat.

"It remains to be seen," he said, peering out into the rain and spray, "whether that little man will come to us in this."

"He will come," said Captain Petersen.

Prince Martin Bukaty laughed. He laughed at most things—at the timidity and caution of this Norse captain, at good weather, at bad weather, at life as he found it. He was one of those few and happy people who find life a joy and his fellow-being a huge joke. Some will say that it is easy enough to be gay at the threshold of life; but experience tells that gaiety is an inward sun which shines through all the changes and chances of a journey which has assuredly more bad weather than good. The gayest are not those who can be pointed out as the happiest. Indeed, the happiest are those who appear to have nothing to make them happy. Martin Bukaty might, for instance, have chosen a better abode than the stuffy cabin of a Scandinavian cargo-boat and cheerier companions than a grim pair of Norse seamen. He might have sought a bluer sky and a bluer sea, and yet he stood on the dripping deck and laughed. He clapped Captain Petersen on the back.

"Well, we have got here and we have ridden out the worst of it, and we haven't dragged our anchors and nobody has seen us, and that exceedingly amusing little captain will be here in a few hours. Why look so gloomy, my friend?"

Captain Petersen shook the rain from the brim of his sou'-wester.

"We are putting our necks within a rope," he said.

"Not your neck—only mine," replied Martin. "It is a necktie that one gets accustomed to. Look at my father! One rarely sees an old man so free from care. How he laughs! how he enjoys his dinner and his wine! The wine runs down a man's throat none the less pleasantly because there is a loose rope around it. And he has played a dangerous game all his life—that old man, eh?"

"It is all very well for you," said Captain Petersen, gravely, turning his gloomy eyes towards his companion. "A prince does not get shot or hanged or sent to the bottom in the high seas."

"Ah! you think that," said Prince Martin, momentarily grave. "One can never tell."

Then he broke into a laugh.

"Come!" he said, "I am going aloft to look for that English boat. Come on to the foreyard. We can watch him come in—that little bulldog of a man."

"If he has any sense he will wait in the open until this gale is over," grumbled Petersen, nevertheless following his companion forward.

"He has only one sense, that man—a sense of infinite fearlessness."

"He is probably afraid—." Captain Petersen paused to hoist himself laboriously on to the rail.

"Of what?" inquired Martin, looking through the ratlines.

"Of a woman."

And Martin Bukaty's answer was lost in the roar of the wind as he went aloft.

They lay on the foreyard for half an hour, talking from time to time in breathless monosyllables, for the wind was gathering itself together for that last effort which usually denotes the end of a gale. Then Captain Petersen pointed his steady hand almost straight ahead. On the grey horizon a little column of smoke rose like a pillar. It was a steamer approaching before the wind.

Captain Cable came on at a great pace. His ship was very low in the water, and kicked up awkwardly on a following sea. He swung round the beacon on the shoulder of a great wave that turned him over till the rounded wet sides of the steamer gleamed like a whale's back. He disappeared into the haze nearer the land, and presently emerged again right astern of the "Olaf," a black nozzle of iron and an intermittent fan of spray. He was crashing into the seas at full speed—a very different kind of sailor to the careful Captain of the "Olaf." His low decks were clear, and each sea leapt over the bow and washed aft—green and white. As the little steamer came down he suddenly slackened speed, and waved his hand as he stood alone on the high bridge.

Then two or three oil-skin-clad figures crept forward into the spray that still broke over the bows. The crew of the

"Olaf," crowding to the rail, looked down on the deeply-laden little vessel from the height of their dry and steady deck. They watched the men working quickly almost under water on the low fore-castle, and saw that it was good. Captain Cable stood swaying on the bridge—a little square figure in gleaming oilskins—and said no word. He had a picked crew.

He passed ahead of the "Olaf" and anchored there, paying out cable as if he were going to ride out a cyclone. The steamer had no name visible, a sail hanging carelessly over the stern completely hid name and port of registry. Her forward name-boards had been removed. Whatever his business was, this seaman knew it well.

No sooner was his anchor down than Captain Cable began to lower a boat, and Petersen, seeing the action, broke into mild Scandinavian profanity. "He is going to try and get to us!" he said pessimistically, and went forward to give the necessary orders. He knew his business, too, this Northern sailor, and when, after a long struggle, the boat containing Captain Cable and two men came within reach, a rope—cleverly thrown—coiled out into the flying scud and fell plump across the Captain's face.

A few minutes later he scrambled on to the deck of the "Olaf" and shook hands with Captain Petersen. He did not at once recognise Prince Martin, who held out his hand.

"Glad to see you, Captain Cable," he said. Cable finished drying the salt water from his face with a blue cotton handkerchief before he shook hands.

"Suppose you thought I wasn't coming," he said, suspiciously.

"No, I knew you would."

"Glad to see me for my own sake," suggested the Captain, grimly smiling.

"Yes, it always does one good to see a man," answered Prince Martin.

"They tell me you're a Prince."

"That is all."

The Captain measured him slowly with his eye.

"Makings of a man as well, perhaps," he said, doubtfully. Then he turned to cast an eye over the "Olaf."

"Tin-kettle of a thing!" he observed, after a pause. "My little cargo won't be much in her great hold. Hatches are too small. Now, I'm all hatch. Can't open up in this weather. We can turn to and get our running tackle bent. It'll moderate before the evening, and if it does we can work all night. Will your Rile Highnes' be ready to work all night?"

"I shall be ready whenever your high mightiness is."

The Captain gave a gruff laugh.

"Dammy, you're the right sort!" he muttered, looking aloft at the rigging with that contempt for foreign tackle which is essentially the privilege of the British sailor.

Cable gave certain orders, announced that he would send four men on board in the afternoon to bend the running tackle "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," and refused to remain on board the "Olaf" for luncheon.

"We've got a bit of steak," he said, conclusively, and clambered over the side into his boat. In confirmation of this statement the odour of fried onions was borne on the breeze a few minutes later from the small steamer to the large one.

The men from Sunderland came on board during the afternoon—men who, as Captain Cable had stated, had only one language and made singularly small use of that. Music and seamanship are two arts daily practised in harmony by men who have no common language. For a man is a seaman or a musician quite independently of speech. So the running tackle was successfully bent, and in the evening the weather moderated.

There was a half-moon which struggled through the clouds soon after dark, and by its light the little English steamer sidled almost noiselessly under the shadow of her large companion. Captain Cable's crew worked quickly and quietly, and by nine o'clock that work was begun which was to throw a noose round the necks of Prince Bukaty, Prince Martin, Captain Petersen, and several others.

Captain Cable divided the watches so that the work might proceed continuously. The dawn found the smaller steamer considerably lightened, and her captain bright and wakeful at his post. All through the day the transhipping went on. Cases of all sizes and all weights were slung out of the capacious hatches of the one to sink into the dark hold of the other vessel, and there was no mishap. Through the second night the breaking of the blocks never ceased, and soon after daylight the three men who had superintended the work without resting took a cup of coffee together in the cabin of the "Olaf."

"Likely as not," said Captain Cable, setting down his empty cup, "we three'll not meet again. I have had dealings with many that I've never seen again, and with some that have been careful not to know me if they did see me."

"We can never tell," said Martin, optimistically.

"Of course," the Captain went on, "I can hold me tongue. That's agreed—we all hold our tongues, whatever the newspapers may be likely to pay for a word or two. Often enough I've read things in the newspaper that I could put a different name to. And that little ship of mine has had a hand in some queer political pies."

"Yes," answered Martin, with his gay laugh, "and kept it clean all the same."

"That's as may be. And now I'll say good-bye. I'll be calling on your father for my money in three days' time—barrin' fogs. And I'll tell him I left you well. Good-bye, Petersen; you're a handy man. Tell him he's a handy man in his own langwidge, and I'll take it kindly."

Captain Cable shook hands, and clattered out of the cabin in his great sea-boots.

Half an hour later the "Olaf" was alone on that shallow sea, which seemed lonelier and more silent than ever; for when a strong man quits a room he often bequeaths a sudden silence to those he leaves behind.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO OF A TRADE

"His face reminds one of a sunny graveyard," a witty Frenchwoman had once said of a man named Paul Deulin. And it is probable that Deulin alone could have understood what she meant. Those who think in French have a trick of putting great thoughts into a little compass, and as the hollow ball of talk is to sing to and fro, it sometimes rings for a moment in a deeper note than many ears are tuned to catch.

The careless word seized the attention of one man who happened to hear it—Reginald Cartoner, a listener, not a talker—and made that man Paul Deulin's friend for the rest of his life. As there is "point de culte sans mystere," so also there can be no lasting friendship without reserve. And although these two men had met in many parts of the world—although they had in common more languages than may be counted on the fingers—they knew but little of each other.

If one thinks of it, a sunny graveyard, bright with flowers and the gay green of spring foliage, is the shallowest fraud on earth, endeavouring to conceal beneath a specious exterior a thousand tragedies, a whole harvest of lost illusions, a host of grim human comedies. On the other hand, this is a pious fraud; for half the world is young, and will discover the roots of the flowers soon enough.

Cartoner had met Deulin in many strange places. Together they had witnessed queer events. Accredited to a new President of a new Republic, they once had made their bow, clad in Court dress and official dignity to the man whom they were destined to see month later hanging on his own flagstaff, out over the Plaza, from the spare-bedroom window of the new Presidency. They had acted in concert: they had acted in direct opposition. Cartoner had once had to tell Deulin that if he persisted in his present course of action the Government which he (Cartoner) represented would not be able to look upon it with indifference, which is the language of diplomacy, and means War.

For these men were the vultures of their respective Foreign Offices, and it was their business to be found where the carcass is.

"The chief difference between the gods and men is that man can only be in one place at a time," Deulin had once said to Cartoner, twenty years his junior, in his light, philosophic way, when a turn of the wheel had rendered a great journey futile, and they found themselves far from that place where their services were urgently needed.

"If men could be in two places at the same moment, say once only during a lifetime, their lives would be very different from what they are." Cartoner had glanced quickly at him when he spoke, but only saw a ready, imperturbable smile.

Deulin was a man counting his friends among all nationalities. The captain of a great steamship has perhaps as many acquaintances as may be vouchsafed to one man, and at the beginning of a voyage he has to assure a number of total strangers that he remembers them perfectly. Deulin, during fifty odd years of his life, had moved through a maze of men, remembering faces as a ship-captain must recollect those who have sailed with him, without attaching a name or being able to allot one saving quality to lift an individual out of the ruck. For it is a lamentable fact that all men and all women are painfully like each other, it is only their faces that differ. For God has made the faces, but men have manufactured their own thoughts.

Deulin had met a few who were not like the others, and one of these was Reginald Cartoner, who was thrown against him, as it were, in a professional manner when Deulin had been twenty years at the work.

"I always cross the road," he said, "when I see Cartoner on the other side. If I did not, he would go past."

This he did in the literal sense the day after Cartoner landed in England on his return from America. Deulin saw his friend emerge from a club in Pall Mall and walk westward, as if he had business in that direction. Like many travellers, the Frenchman loved the open air. Like all Frenchmen, he loved the streets. He was idling in Pall Mall, avoiding a man here and there. For we all have friends whom we are content to see pass by on the other side. Deulin's duty was, moreover, such that it got strangely mixed up with his pleasure, and it often happens that discretion must needs overcome a natural sociability.

Cartoner saw his friend approaching; for Deulin had the good fortune, or the misfortune, to be a distinguished-looking man, with a tall, spare form, a trim white moustache and imperial, and that air of calm possession of his environment which gives to some paupers the manner of a great landowner. He shook hands in silence, then turned and walked with Cartoner.

"I permit myself a question," he said. "When did you return from Cuba?"

"I landed at Liverpool last night."

Cartoner turned in his abrupt way, and looked his companion up and down. Perhaps he was wondering for the hundredth time what might be buried behind those smiling eyes.

"I am in London, as you see," said Deulin, as if he had been asked a question. "I am awaiting orders. Something

is brewing somewhere, one may suppose. Your return to London seems to confirm such a suspicion. Let us hope we may have another little . . . errand together—eh?"

As he spoke, Deulin bowed in his rather grand way to an old gentleman who walked briskly past in the military fashion, and who turned to look curiously at the two men.

"You are dressed in your best clothes," said Deulin, after a pause; "you are going to pay calls."

"I am going to call on one of my old chiefs."

"Then I will ask your permission to accompany you. I, too, have put on a new hat. I am idle. I want something to do. Mon Dieu, I want to talk to a clean and wholesome Englishwoman, just for a change. I know all your old chiefs, my friend. I know where you have been every moment since you made your mark at this business. One watches the quiet men—eh?"

"She will be glad to see you," said Cartoner, with his slow smile.

"Ah! She is always kind, that lady; for I guess where we are going. She might have been a great woman if she had not been a happy one."

"I always go to see them, when I am in town," said Cartoner, who usually confined his conversation to the necessities of daily intercourse.

"And he—how is he?"

"He is as well as can be expected. He has worked so hard and so long in many climates. She is always anxious about him."

"It is the penalty a woman pays," said Deulin. "To love and to be consumed by anxiety—a woman's life, my friend. Oddly enough, I should have gone there this afternoon, whether I had met you or not. I want her good services—again."

And the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders with a laugh, as if suddenly reminded of some grievous error in his past life.

"I want her to befriend some friends of mine, if she has not done so already. For she knows them, of course. They are the Bukatys. Of course you know the history of the Bukatys of Warsaw."

"I know the history of Poland," answered Cartoner, looking straight in front of him with reflective eyes. He had an odd way of carrying his head a little bent forward, as if he bore behind his heavy forehead a burden of memories and knowledge of which his brain was always conscious—as a man may stand in the centre of a great library, and become suddenly aware that he has more books than he can ever open and understand.

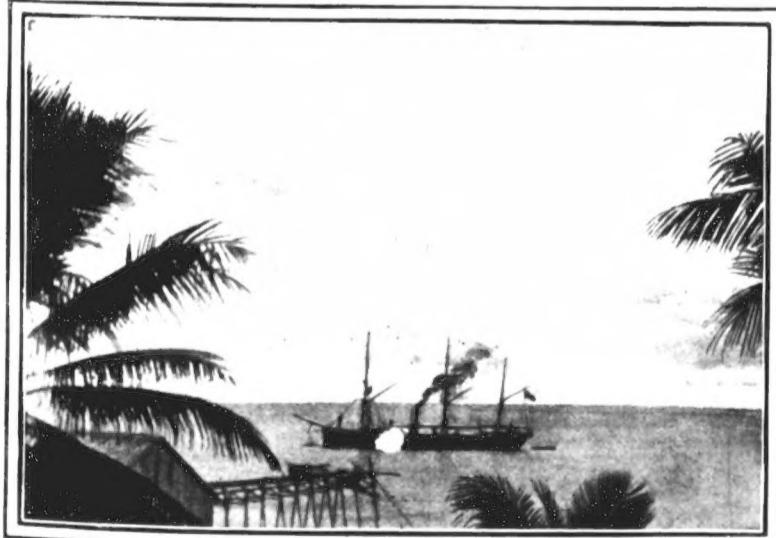
"Of course you do; you know a host of things. And you know more history than was ever written in books. You know more than I do, and Heaven knows that I know a great deal. For you are a reader, and I never look into a book. I know the surface of things. The Bukatys are in London. I give you that—to put in your pipe and smoke. Father and son. It is not for them that I seek Lady Orlay's help. They must take care of themselves: though they will not do that. It does not run in the family, as you know, who read history books."

"Yes, I know," said Cartoner, pausing before crossing to the corner of St. James's Street, in the manner of a man whose life had not been passed in London streets. For it must be remembered that English traffic is different to the traffic of any other streets in the world.

"There is a girl," pursued the Frenchman. "Families like the Bukatys should kill their girls in infancy. Not that Wanda knows it; she is as gay as a bird, and quite devoted to her father, who is an old ruffian—and my very dear friend."

(To be continued)

THE LATEST ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHER is the Shah of Persia, who is quite an adept in the use of the camera. Not content with taking photographs himself, he is ready to be photographed, and has been taken from innumerable points of view.



On September 28, Captain R. G. O. Tupper, of H.M.S. *Pylades*, annexed Paanopa, or Ocean Island, one of the Marshall Archipelago, in the Pacific, to the north of the New Hebrides (Lat. 0° 53' S. Long. 169° 35' E.) One illustration shows the *Pylades* saluting as the flag is hoisted on shore, while the other

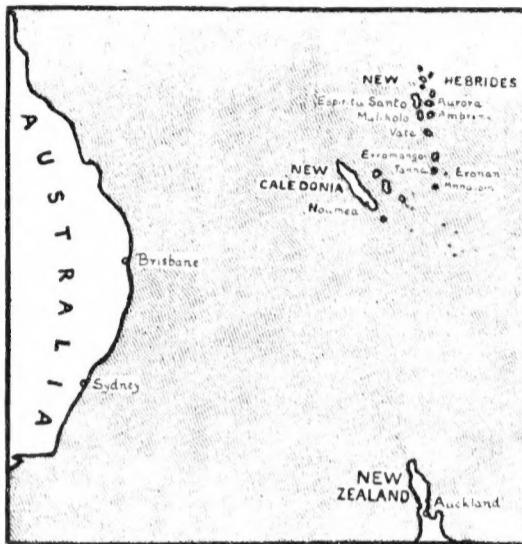


CHART OF THE NEW HEBRIDES, SHOWING THEIR POSITION WITH

REFERENCE TO AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

particularly active in Pacific politics, and her premier, Mr. Seddon, has openly denounced the cession of Samoa and is now attacking the present "autocratic" administration of Fiji. Both New Zealand and Australia are understood to be strenuously urging that some step should be taken to secure British rights in the New Hebrides, which, lying directly between Fiji and Northern Australia, are at present under a joint protectorate of France and Britain. When a suggestion was made recently that Great Britain should surrender her interest to France in consideration for the settlement of the Newfoundland shore difficulty, Mr. Barton, the Australian Premier, cabled to Mr. Chamberlain that the Commonwealth Government had the gravest objections to any weakening of the British hold over the islands; and even though this proposal may not be seriously considered, the New Hebrides question is likely to become a burning one. The Australians desire above everything to prevent the extension of French or German dominion in their immediate neighbourhood. They are incensed by the rule of France in New Caledonia, which has been used as a convict settlement, and they declare that a proper control of the neighbouring groups of the Pacific is necessary for the peace and welfare of their Commonwealth. A brief description of the islands under discussion may therefore be of interest, particularly as they are in many ways typical and peculiar.

The New Hebrides group is comprised of some forty islands, and stretches for about 500 miles, roughly, north to south. The principal islands are Espiritu Santo, Malakolo, Aurora, Ambrym, Vate, Eromango, Tanna, Eronan and Annatot. Their discoverer (Quiros, in 1606) believed them to be part of a continent, and called them "Australia del Espiritu Santo," a name which still survives in the largest island. Captain Cook, in 1774, visited and gave them their present name. Many are of volcanic origin, and numerous craters in various stages are to be seen. Mount Yasawa, on the island of Tanna, reaches a height of 1,000 feet, and is still in active eruption. The islands present the most varied landscape of jagged peaks, terraced hills, rolling valleys, and deep ravines. Many are extremely beautiful and fertile, and large

plantations have been established, but the majority are still covered with a low bush, which, in its turn, is shaded by thick forest. The woodland scenery, spreading as it frequently does to the water's edge, is often very lovely. Scarlet and white hibiscus droop their tasseled heads, gorgeous crotons spread their multicoloured leaves, delicate convolvuli trail from bough to bough, and the quaint and many-rooted *pandanus*, the feathery casuarina or the dark green eucalyptus make a deep refreshing shade. These woods, however, are not musical with the songs of birds or lit up with their brilliant foliage. Presenting, as they do, a delightful contrast of variegated tint to the sombre, monotonous green of Australian bush scenery, they are yet far poorer in all forms of life. A few of the tiny flitting honey-suckers, many varieties of pigeons and doves, curlews and sandpipers, cranes and bitterns on the shore, together with a race of domestic fowls run wild, make up the bird life, while the rat is considered to be the only indigenous mammal. Some of the islands are fortunate in possessing the beautiful and useful bread-fruit tree in abundance, while coconut palms and bananas are plentiful.

The natives are of Papuan, or rather Melanesian, stock, but extraordinarily mixed and varied. On some islands the brown, straight-featured Polynesian predominates, while on others a negroid type is most marked, together with countenances which have a curiously Jewish appearance, save for their dark skin. The prominent eyebrows, hooked noses and protruding, but not fleshy, lips are Papuan, as is also the black, wiry, frizzled hair which is almost universal. It is impossible to say what race must be considered the autochthones of the islands, since huge monolithic ruins exist which can hardly have been the work of either Polynesian or Papuan, and must date back to an earlier race. It seems probable that the Papuans must have mingled their blood with that of an earlier negroid people as well as with Polynesians. Possibly there may be in places some infusion of Malay, but that type is notably lacking. In character the people vary from island to island, according to the predominance of race. The most southern island, Annatot, inhabited by almost pure Polynesians, has been entirely Christianised, and has schools which all the natives attend. On others the people are still in the wildest and most primitive condition, and if cannibalism is no longer practised, it has only recently been discontinued. Several missionaries have lost their lives, and the majority of the natives are hostile to Europeans.

In his primitive state the New Hebridean lives in a thatched hut, the roof practically reaching to the ground, though sometimes there are low walls of logs. In some islands the huts are built like inverted canoes, and the custom of having a sort of club-house where the young men of the village reside is universal. Clothing is scant and in some of the more remote parts non-existent. Nevertheless, the males love to adorn themselves, and smear their faces and bodies with rude pigments, ornament their bodies with raised scars, wear necklaces of shells or teeth, and stick flowers into their armlets, loin-belts, or through their bushy hair.

Women wear few ornaments, have their hair shaved close to the head, and are regarded as altogether inferior beings. If not actually treated with cruelty they are objects of indifference, and perform most of the hard work. In this respect their lot is very different to that of their Polynesian sisters, who are seldom allowed to work, and lead free and happy, if useless, lives. The native religion consists chiefly in manifold superstitions and a great awe of spirits. Curious carved figures may be seen outside their huts, and in the precincts of every village are a number of tall carved and painted objects known as "spirit drums." These are formed from the trunks of trees, some ten to twelve feet high, so hollowed out that when struck they produce a reverberating sound. They usually represent hideous and repulsive faces of enormous size, with typical Papuan noses and thin lips curved into a sinister smile, and are beaten on great occasions, such as a war-dance or feast, being supposed to harbour the spirit of dead heroes.

Though curious and on the whole intelligent, the New Hebrideans are permeated with the indolence that characterises all Pacific races. They are diminishing in numbers, suffering both from epidemics introduced by Europeans and the effects of a civilisation to which they were not adapted. Hitherto large numbers have been transported as *kanakas* to work in Queensland or Fiji, but these as a rule bring back nothing but evil to their native land, and it seems a pity that such energy as they are capable of cannot be utilised in developing their own islands.



shows Captain Tupper reading the proclamation just before the hoisting of the flag. Our photographs are by a British officer

THE ANNEXATION OF PAANOPA, OR OCEAN ISLAND



THE LATE LIEUT. RONALD BUXTON
Killed at Sterkfontein



THE LATE CAPT. G. F. W. BRINDLEY
Died from wounds received at Brakfontein



THE LATE CAPT. C. L. GAUSSEN
Killed at Tafelkop



THE LATE LIEUT. W. J. SHAND
Died of wounds received at Tafelkop



THE LATE LIEUT. J. S. WATNEY
Killed at Tweefontein

War Portraits

LIEUTENANT RONALD HENRY BUXTON, 2nd Norfolk Regiment, who was killed at Sterkfontein, joined his regiment in June, 1896, and obtained his promotion in December, 1897. He was adjutant of the 20th Battalion of the Mounted Infantry. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Captain George Frederick Brindley, 2nd Battalion Manchester Regiment, who died at Brakfontein from wounds received while serving with the 14th Mounted Infantry during the Boer attack on Major Bridgford's force at Holland, was in his twenty-eighth year. He was gazetted to the 4th (Militia) Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers in 1893, and passed into the 2nd Manchester (the old 96th) Regiment as second lieutenant in 1896, joining the

regiment in India. He came home with the regiment, and was made lieutenant in 1897. He was acting adjutant to the regiment at the Curragh during the winter of 1899-1900, and was "seconded" for duty with the Mounted Infantry, and left in February, 1900, for South Africa, where he had been serving ever since. He marched from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, serving in Ian Hamilton's column, and took part in nine general actions, including Diamond Hill, and eighteen skirmishes. He was awarded, last May, a medal with four clasps, was mentioned in Lord Roberts's despatches, and had been recommended for the Distinguished Service Order. Our portrait is by Speight, Kettering.

Captain Charles Louis Gausen, 91st Company Imperial Yeomanry, who was killed at Tafelkop, Orange River Colony, formerly served in the 18th Hussars and the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. He volunteered from the reserve of officers for service with the Sharpshooters. He

was in his thirty-third year. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Lieutenant William Jorie Shand, of the Cameron Highlanders, who has died of the wounds he received at Tafelkop, entered the Army in January, 1899, and obtained his lieutenancy in the following December. Our portrait is by Lekegian and Co., Cairo.

Lieutenant Jack Southard Watney, 11th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, who was killed while leading the charge at Tweefontein, was nineteen years of age, and was educated at Eton. Joining the Honourable Artillery Company in 1899, he went out to South Africa in February of last year with a draft from that company. At the time of his death he was in command of the Maxim gun attached to the 11th Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry. Our portrait is by Weston, Poultry.



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

Tambelan, is one of a group of Islands near the Island of Rho, which, like it, is under Dutch rule, and being but a short distance from Singapore, the Capital of our Straits Settlements, is frequently visited by holiday seekers and orchid hunters. The Malays are an indolent race. Here is a single instance. A man has made a few cents by bringing in a small quantity of orchids, and intending to indulge himself with a good midday meal, we see him in the act of providing his own dinner. He places a stone beneath the shady umbrella of a Pakia or fern tree, and having tied two, or sometimes three,

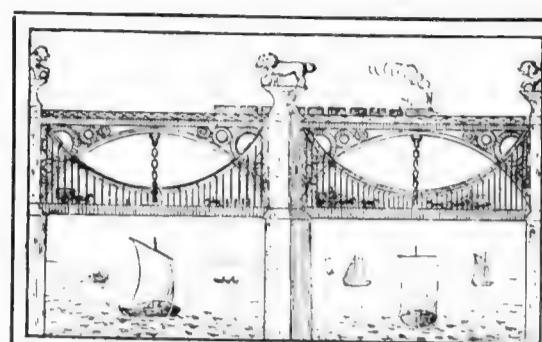
lines to his left toe, he falls serenely to sleep, and perhaps before he expects it, is disturbed by the tug of a fish. You may sometimes see two or three such anglers, but so indifferent are they, however, to the sport, that from force of habit they have been known to snore away in placid obliviousness, while the fish they have hooked, or rather which have hooked themselves, have been seen dashing and splashing in the water before they have taken the slightest trouble to rouse themselves.

"DOLCE FAR NIENTE:" ANGLERS AT TAMBELAN



THE OLD TYNE BRIDGE

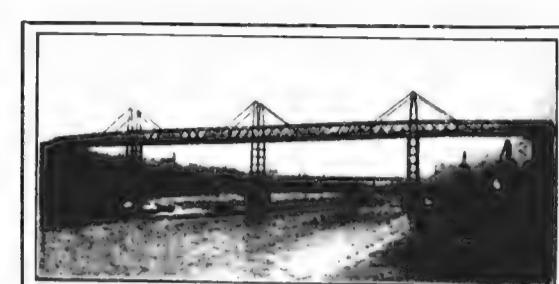
SOME years before the development of the railway system of this country, a Mr. John Green, of Newcastle, proposed a scheme for crossing the Tyne at the high level so as to save the severe descent and ascent of the banks to the low-level structure. A Mr. Dodd



WILLIAM MARTIN'S HIGH-LEVEL BRIDGE AT NEWCASTLE

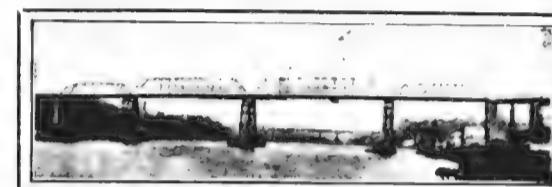
In 1845, he published an engraving of his plan for a high-level bridge, a footnote to which stated: "This valuable invention is now laid before the public in consequence of the younger Mr. Stephenson having recently exposed his profound ignorance of mechanics by proposing a railway tunnel across the Menai Strait—a project which I at once perceived would get no further than the newspapers."

The projectors of these high-level bridges naturally failed, however, to secure the confidence of the public, and the prospect of the completion of such a work looked so hopeless that at one time the railway authorities seriously contemplated leaving Newcastle out of their direct route and crossing the Tyne near Bill Point, some miles below Newcastle. The energy of Hudson, "the Railway King," and the genius of George and Robert Stephenson—with whom was associated Mr. T. E. Harrison, the engineer of the North-Eastern Railway—however, finally overcame all obstacles, and carried out the beautiful bridge which now spans the river between Newcastle



THE OLD REDHEUGH BRIDGE

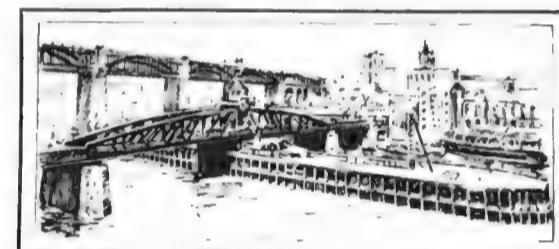
days, and the wise views of the engineers were overruled on the ground of the heavier outlay involved in this provision for the future. Finally three sets of rails were laid, but these have, as the Stephensons foresaw, long since proved inadequate for the traffic to be accommodated, and for many years past the directors of the



THE NEW REDHEUGH BRIDGE

North-Eastern Railway have had in view an extension of the Tyne Bridge facilities.

For various reasons it was finally decided that it would be better to build a new bridge than to widen the existing structure, and powers have recently been obtained to acquire land for the purpose



THE SWING BRIDGE

of erecting another bridge at an estimated cost of 470,000/- or 500,000/- with the approaches—the designs of the same being in the hands of Mr. C. A. Harrison, the company's engineer. The new structure is to be of steel in the approved lattice girder type, and will have four sets of lines. It is to be purely and simply a railway bridge, and the approaches will run from the west end of the Central Station along the present line across the Forth Banks Bridge, through a part of the Forth Goods Yard, and then curve southward through a corner of the Forth Goods Station, proceeding south across the Close, and then the bridge across the River Tyne. The bridge will cross the river in two spans of 300ft. each, resting upon a central pier, which will be of granite. With the approaches and connections the total length of the new bridge works will be about 3,000ft.

The central pier of the new work will be in line with the corresponding pier of the Redheugh Bridge, and the structure is to be placed about 780ft. east of the bridge named. Caissons will be sunk to a depth of about 70ft. below high-water spring tides, and on these the piers will be built. There will be five lattice steel girders in each span, each weighing 300 tons. They will be 27ft. in depth and in width 4ft. 6in. The bridge will have a width of 48ft. 6in. from the centre of one parapet to the centre of the opposite parapet.



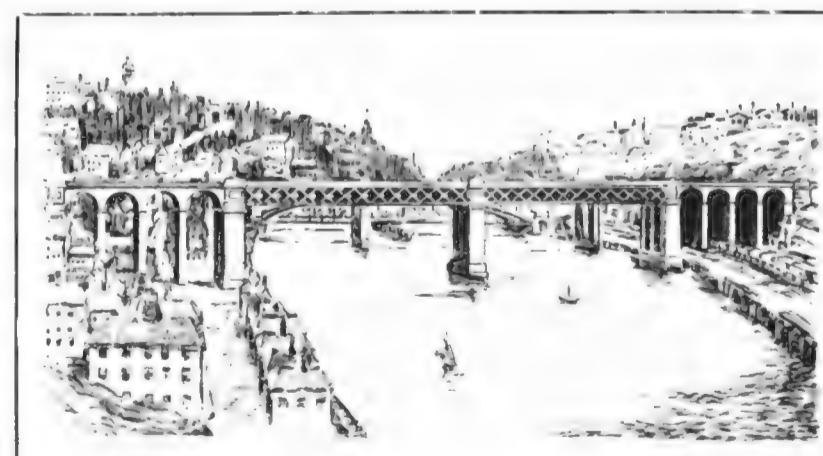
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, A.D. 1600, SHOWING THE BRIDGE DESTROYED ON NOVEMBER 17, 1771

also had a similar project, and the eccentric William Martin—a brother of the painter, and of the incendiary who set fire to York Cathedral in 1839 claimed to have put forward a plan for a high-level bridge many years previously.

and Gateshead. In submitting their plans, the engineers strongly advised that provision should be made for four sets of rails. The vast development which has since taken place in the railway traffic of the country was not, however, foreseen by the directors of those



THE PRESENT HIGH-LEVEL BRIDGE



THE PROPOSED HIGH-LEVEL BRIDGE

THE BRIDGES OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



THE LATE M. JEAN DE BLOCH
Author of "The War of the Future"



MR. R. W. PERKS, M.P.
Originator of the Wesleyan Twentieth Century Fund



THE LATE SIR J. PARKER DEANE, K.C.
Vicar-General of the Province of Canterbury



SIR ERNEST CASSEL
Who has placed 200,000/- at the King's disposal
for charitable purposes



THE LATE REV. H. W. TUCKER
Prebendary of St. Paul's

As in the case of the existing High-Level Bridge, the height above high-water mark to the under side of the girders will be 83ft. clear waterway, and 110ft. from high-water mark to the highest rail of the bridge. At the Gateshead side of the river the approach of the bridge will curve to the south-west, joining the main line about 100 yards east of the Redheugh Bridge.

From the Central Station to the point where the new line joins the main line will be a distance of about 1,000 yards. Provision is also made for a loop to the new line at Gateshead from the east, as well as from the main line, and the result will be to afford an immense relief to the present High-Level Bridge. Three and a-half years is taken as the estimated time for construction. One of the greatest advantages to the North-Eastern Railway Company will be the saving of time in running the main line passenger service, as the new structure will obviate the changing of engines, now necessary on a through journey in going either north or south when the River Tyne has to be crossed.

The first bridge which spanned the Tyne—connecting Newcastle and Gateshead on the south bank—was built about A.D. 120 by the Roman emperor, who is credited with building the wall erected to keep back the Picts and Scots. In a great fire which occurred in 1248, by which a large portion of Newcastle was destroyed, this bridge suffered severely, and local records show that indulgences were granted to those who assisted in its repair, and many benefactions were made towards this good work. In 1362 the bridge was again in need of repair, and the tolls on goods coming into Newcastle were set aside for this purpose for the following ten years. At this period the bridge carried several houses and shops, as well as three towers, and a chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr. On November 17, 1771, occurred a great flood which almost completely destroyed the bridge, the middle and two other arches, with seven houses and shops, with many of their inhabitants, being washed away. Further destruction took place on the following day, when the whole range of buildings from the "blue stone"—which marked the boundary line of Newcastle from Gateshead—fell into the river. The whole of the other buildings on the bridge met the same fate in the course of the next few days. It is, by the way, interesting to know that the grandmother of a citizen of Newcastle, still living, was in this great flood swept out of her father's house, some sixteen miles above Newcastle, and borne in safety in her cradle down to the broken bridge, where she was rescued from her dangerous plight.

A year after the destruction of the old bridge in 1771, a temporary wooden structure was erected, and on October 14, 1774, a new stone bridge of nine arches was commenced, and completed in September, 1779. In 1801 an additional width of 6ft. at each side was added, under the direction of David Stephenson, architect, by arching from the buttresses.

Before the deepening of the channel of the Tyne by dredging had enabled large vessels to come up as far as Newcastle, the old stone bridge was not a serious obstacle to the trade of the district; but when it was found that heavy craft could—but for this low-level structure—proceed above the high-level bridge there was no valid reason for maintaining its existence, provided some erection could be used which would not interfere with the road traffic between Newcastle and Gateshead on this low level. This desideratum was provided by a swing bridge, worked by hydraulic power with the ease with which a signalman pulls over his lever. The new bridge was commenced on September 23, 1868, and was opened June 25, 1876, for traffic.

To serve the passenger and vehicular traffic above the high-level structure, the Redheugh Bridge was commenced in 1868, and opened for traffic in June, 1871, from designs of the late Sir Thomas Bouch, the engineer of the unfortunate Tay Bridge. Signs of failing were discovered in the first Redheugh Bridge, and Messrs. Sandeman and Moncrieff, M.M.Inst.C.E., of Newcastle, designed a new one, which was commenced in 1897 and completed in 1901. It was erected on the site of the old bridge, and is 839ft. in length, or practically the same as the old structure.

Our Portraits

SIR JAMES PARKER DEANE was one of the oldest members of the Bar, and was second in seniority on the list of King's Counsel. He was called to the Bar in January, 1841, and took silk in 1858. He was for many years the leader in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Court, and in 1872 succeeded Sir Travers Twiss as Admiralty Advocate-General and Counsel to the Foreign Office. He also held the appointments of Vicar-General of the Province of Canterbury and Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury. Despite his great age—he was born in 1812—Sir James continued to carry out the duties of his office as vicar-general, and so recently as April last he presided over the ceremony in Bow Church, at which the appointment of Dr. Wimington Ingram as Bishop of London was confirmed. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. H. W. Tucker was Prebendary of St. Paul's, and for the last twenty-one years secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to which his whole life was devoted. He was a considerable author, his principal books being his Lives of Bishop Field and Bishop Selwyn. Bishop Jackson gave him a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral, and Lord Salisbury offered him last year the Deanery of Salisbury, which he declined. Our portrait is by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.

Sir Ernest Cassel, K.C.M.G., previous to his recent departure for India, placed at the disposal of the King the splendid sum of 200,000/- for charitable or utilitarian purposes, which sum His Majesty, who "for a long time past has felt the necessity of providing additional sanatoria in England for the open-air treatment of

tuberculosis," has decided to devote to that special object. Sir Ernest Cassel is the son of a German baker, Jacob Cassel, of Cologne, and is in his fiftieth year. He began life as a clerk in the house of Messrs. Bischoffsheim and Goldsmith, and early became versed in City affairs, rising step by step until he became the confidential adviser of the partnership which has ceased to exist for some years. His prominence as a financier may be said to date from his successful services rendered to the Egyptian Government in 1890, in recognition of which he received the K.C.M.G., an order which he wears with that of the first-class Royal Order of Wazir (Norway and Sweden), to which countries he has been of assistance in railway enterprise, particularly in connection with the Swedish Central Railway Company. Sir Ernest Cassel is associated with Lord Hillingdon and Mr. H. C. Smith as trustee of the Egyptian Government Irrigation Trust Certificates, which have a total issue of 2,714,700/. He also was among the first to put his faith in the "Twopenny Tube," or Central London Railway. Sir Ernest Cassel is a widower, his wife—the daughter of Mr. R. T. Maxwell—having died in 1881, three years after her marriage. Our portrait is by A. Ellis and Walery, Baker Street.

Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., originated the Wesleyan Twentieth Century Million Fund. This, the largest sum ever raised for a special religious work, was designed to celebrate the beginning of a new century, and largely through the zeal of Mr. Perks, the fund is now complete. The money is all to be used for aggressive Methodist work, not any for endowments. On the last Sunday in the old year, special collections were taken in the Methodist Churches, and the sum of over 60,000/- raised. Mr. Perks has stumped the country on behalf of the fund, having visited all the principal towns, where large and enthusiastic meetings have been held. Our portrait is by R. J. W. Hines, Milman Road, W.

M. Jean von Bloch, who has just died at Warsaw, was a member of the Russian Council of State, but was most widely known as the author of "The War of the Future." M. de Bloch was in his early years a financier and banker, and he was largely interested in railway enterprises in Russia and Poland. On retiring from business, he devoted himself to social and economic questions, and finally specialised on military problems. His great work entitled "War" is one of the most elaborate discourses on military questions in existence. Every phase of modern warfare is considered in this book, which fills six large quarto volumes of nearly a thousand pages each. It was owing to a perusal of M. de Bloch's memorandums to the work that the present Tsar launched his memorable invitations to the Peace Conferences which met at The Hague in 1899. M. de Bloch attended the Conference in an unofficial capacity, and was received with great distinction by the assembled delegates, to whom he lectured on International Arbitration and other matters connected with the deliberations of the Conference. He afterwards visited England, and wrote industriously in the magazines and in independent pamphlets on the Boer war and the Chinese question. He lectured before the United Service Institution, and was for a time a prominent figure in London society. Our portrait is by C. Chapiro, St. Petersburg.

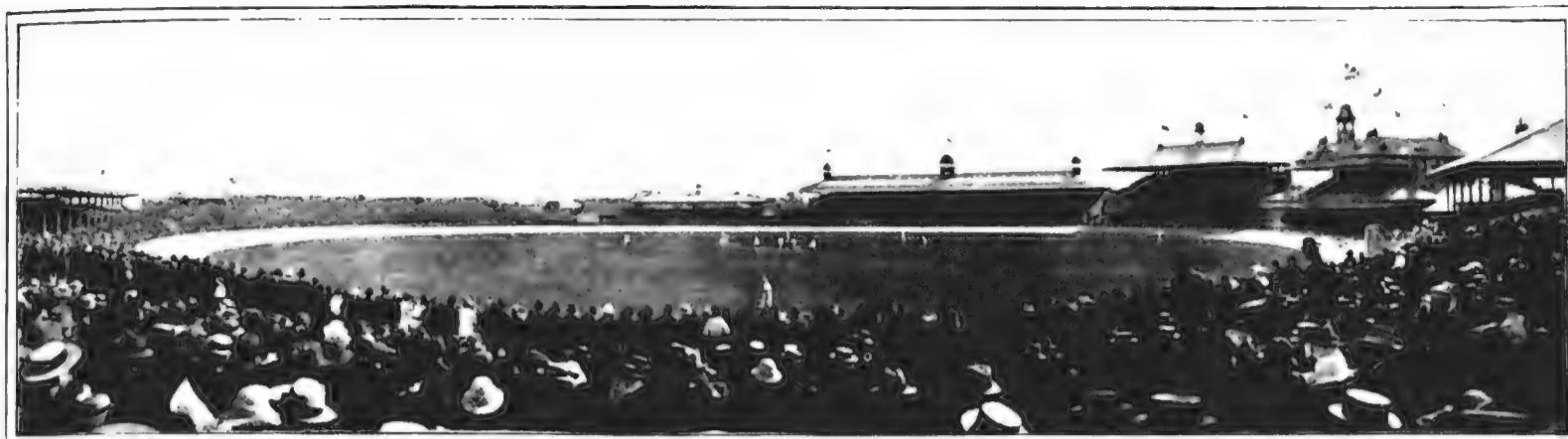
Captain Ronald Mackenzie Dowie, who was wounded on the 20th ult., at Kroonstad, to a gunshot, received at Vredfort, South Africa, he served for ten years in the Suffolk Militia, also some time in a provisional battalion at Shoreham. On the outbreak of war he rejoined the 3rd Suffolk, for service in South Africa, and later accepted the command of the Suffolk Mounted Infantry, taking his troop out this month ago. He was fatally wounded in his first engagement. Our portrait is by Mowll and Morrison, Liverpool.

Private W. Bees, of the 1st Derbyshire Regiment, has been awarded the Victoria Cross. Private Bees was one of the Maxim gun detachment, which at Moedwil, on September 30, had six men



The wedding of Mr. Chauncey Depew and Miss May Palmer took place at Nice, in the American and also the Roman Catholic Church of Notre Dame. The civil ceremony had been performed at the American Consul late on the previous day. Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Depew left France for America on New Year's Day. Our photograph, which is by P. J. Hegarty, shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the church of Notre Dame.

THE MARRIAGE OF SENATOR CHAUNCEY DEPEW AT NICE



This match was watched by an enormous crowd, there being on the first day no fewer than 23,500 spectators on the ground. The game was won by New South Wales by 53 runs, the scores being: New South Wales, 288 and 422; MacLaren's Team, 332 and 325. Our photograph, which is by A. H. Davies,

CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA: MR. MACLAREN'S XI. v. NEW SOUTH WALES AT SYDNEY

hit out of nine. Hearing his wounded comrades asking for water he went forward, under a heavy fire, to a spruit held by Boers, about 500 yards ahead of the gun, and brought back a kettle full of water. In going and returning he had to pass within 100 yards of some rocks also held by Boers, and the kettle which he was carrying was hit by several bullets. He was stationed in India for eight years and holds the Dargai medal.

Second Lieutenant Edward John Younger, 16th Lancers, who was killed in the fighting which took place between Clanwilliam and Calvinia on December 23, joined the Army in August, 1900. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Second Lieutenant Lionel Phillips Russell, 2nd Battalion West Yorkshire Mounted Infantry, who has succumbed to wounds received at Holland, was the second surviving son of Captain W. R. Russell,

who has been one of the principal Parliamentary figures for a great number of years in the New Zealand House of Representatives. Lieutenant Russell had been in South Africa for about six months.

Captain H. J. P. Jeffcoat, who was killed in action at Tafelkop, Orange River Colony, on December 20, 1901, entered the Royal Artillery through the Wicklow Militia in 1892, and served in 1895 with "S" Battery in India. In 1899 he volunteered for service in South Africa. He was one of General French's aides-de-camp in February, 1900, and was promoted to captain's rank in the following month. Our portrait is by P. Metzker, Secunderabad.

Mr. Bate, of Kelsterton, father of Lieut. R. W. Bate, who was killed at Rostpan on December 5, and of whom an obituary notice appeared in THE GRAPHIC of December 25, requests us to say that,

except as a shareholder in the Chester Northgate Brewery Company, he has at the present time no connection whatever with any brewery.

A TRENCHER-FED PACK

In the latter part of the eighteenth, and early in the last century, owing to the wars having drained the country's resources, it was found to be too expensive in some districts to support a pack of hounds. Rather than forego the sport altogether, hunting-men would occasionally bring together the one or two petted and inexperienced animals each kept on his estate or premises. Hence the term "trencher-fed" as applied to a pack in bad condition and ignorant of its duties. This system still prevails in some parts of England when there are not sufficient funds forthcoming for a regular pack; but there are drawbacks, some of which are depicted in our Supplement.

M. KNOBLE
Holland
HERR VANDERGOTZ MR. CONGER M. JUSTENS
Chargé d'Affaires, Germany U.S.A. Belgium

M. LESSAR MR. TOWER M. HIOKI
Russia 1st Sec., Great Britain Japan

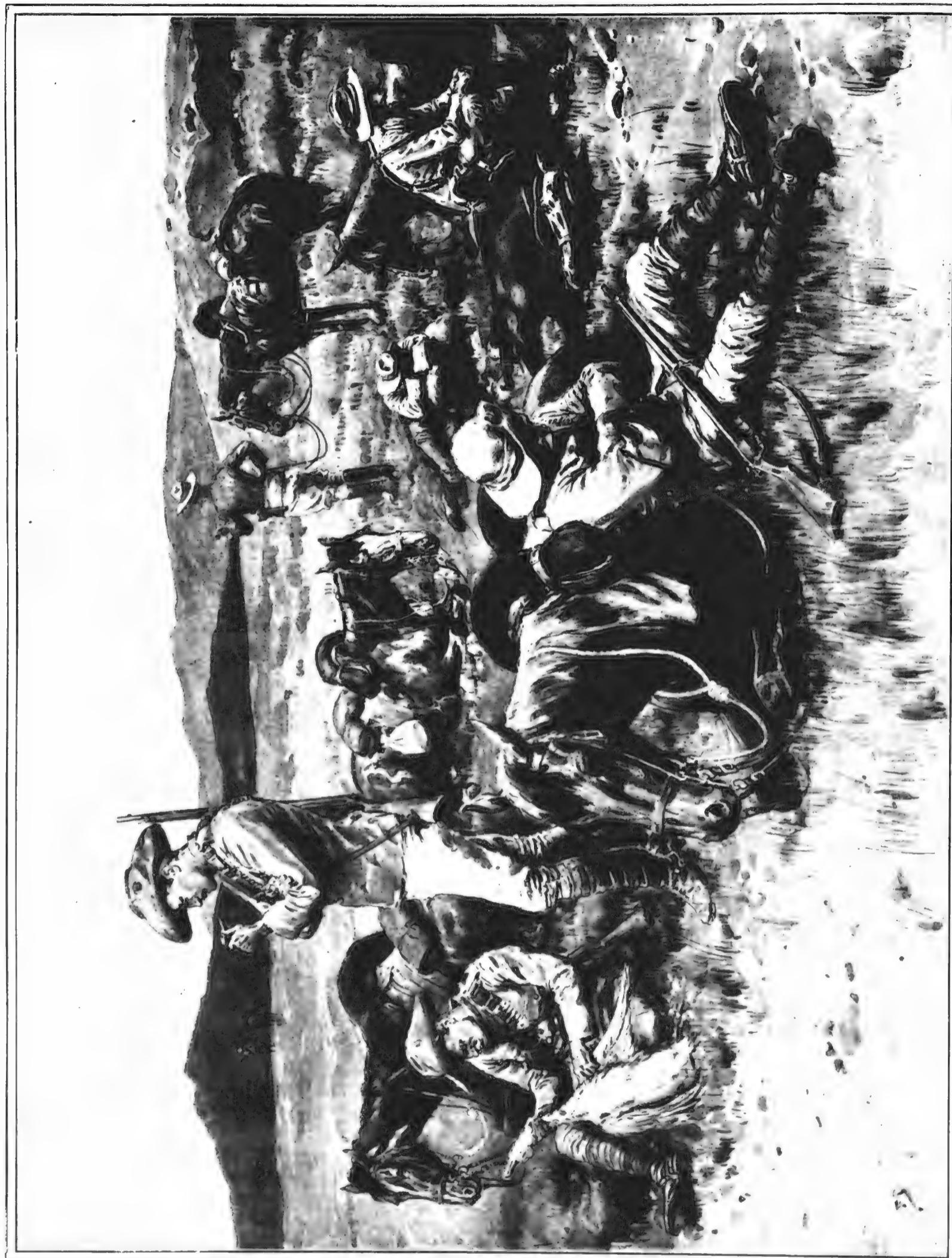
MR. GILBERT REID



The Diplomatic body at Peking called on the family of Li Hung Chang three days after his death, formally to express their sympathy. They were received by the high officials of Peking. The doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, Baron Czikann, Austrian Minister, was spokesman for the Ministers, and delivered a short address to two of the deceased statesman's sons who represented the family, and were dressed in white mourning garments with curious crown-like headgear made of something that resembled the bark of cornstalks. A pavilion had been erected in front of the house, when the Viceroy's body was lying in State, and in the centre was placed an altar, upon which stood an urn to receive the ashes of the deceased, incense sticks which were kept burning. At the foot of the altar were food offerings for the dead, and at the back of the altar stood a tablet inscribed with his honours and virtues. At the conclusion of the visit the Ministers moved in front of the altar and one at a time bowed.

THE DEATH OF LI HUNG CHANG: THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS PAYING A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE TO HIS FAMILY

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FREDERICK MCORMICK

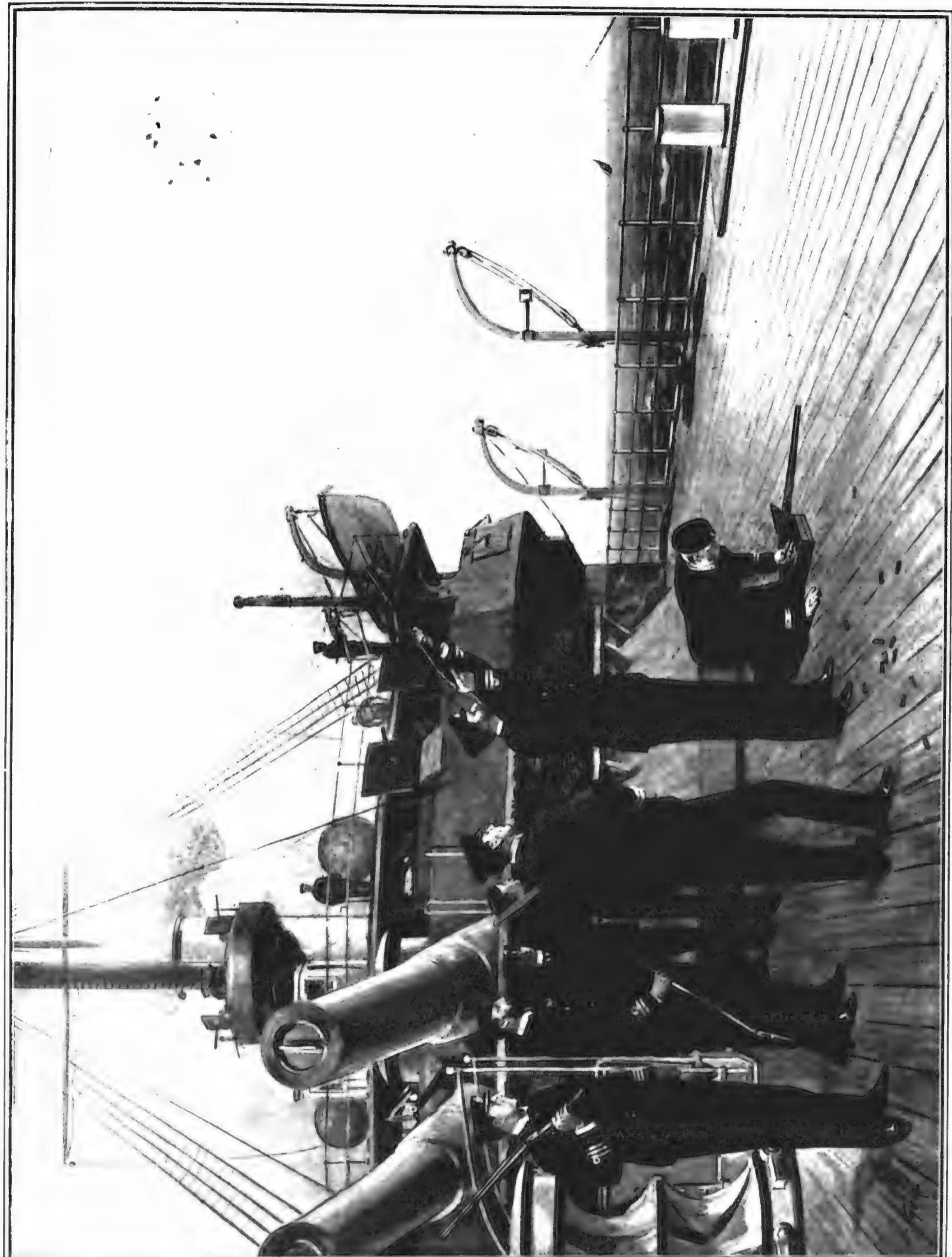


DRAWN BY FRANK PARD, R.I.

The illustrations recently issued from the War Office, as to the care of horses in the field, which gives an idea of the condition of men and horses of an advanced guard after a forced march. He says that the scene shown in our illustrations is very common when work has been hard, fatigued, striking and tending to see the horses sit down at every opportunity, and the men, at rest, lying in what at first sight looks dangerous proximity to the beasts.

THE CARE OF HORSES IN SOUTH AFRICA: FAGGED OUT ON A FORCED MARCH

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. H. D. COLLISON-MORLEY



FROM A SKETCH BY LT. T. C. J. A. LEAND, R.N.

A man in the lower military top works a double-rise trap, and people standing on the quarter-deck get in very good practice at the clay dices as they skim away to leeward

DOG WATCH RECREATION IN A BATTLESHIP: A CLAY PIGEON CLUB



Colonel Benson's column had caused much annoyance to the Boers by its night marches, and Lordly determined to make a set-up against it. An elaborate trap was prepared, but Colonel

Benson declined the bait. However, at Brakenlaagte the Boers took advantage of a terrible rain

receive an attack, but hardly had ho
tious gallop, some of them firing from

A BOER CAVALRY CHARGE: THE FIGHT AT BRA

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



colon. However, at Brakenlaagte the Boers took advantage of a terrain

to renew an attack, but hardly had he done so when the Boers came on in great numbers at a

gallop some of them firing from their horses as they rode. They swept through a

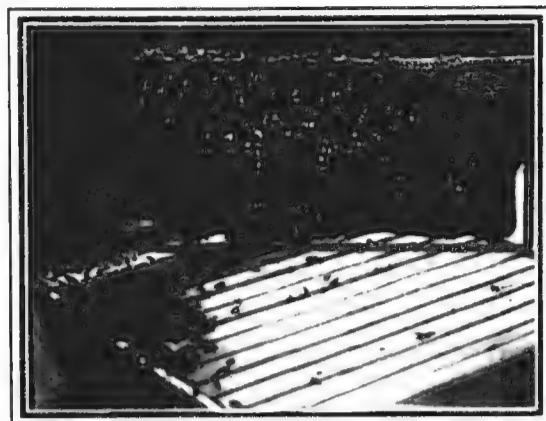
company of Buffs, and gained a dip in the ground, from which they poured a hail of bullets. In a few minutes the defenders were shot down, Colonel Benson himself being one of the first to fall.

A BOER CAVALRY CHARGE: THE FIGHT AT BRAKENLAAGTE

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



THE KEA PARROT, WHICH DESTROYS SHEEP BY TEARING OPEN THEIR BACKS AND TAKING OUT THE FAT FROM THE KIDNEYS



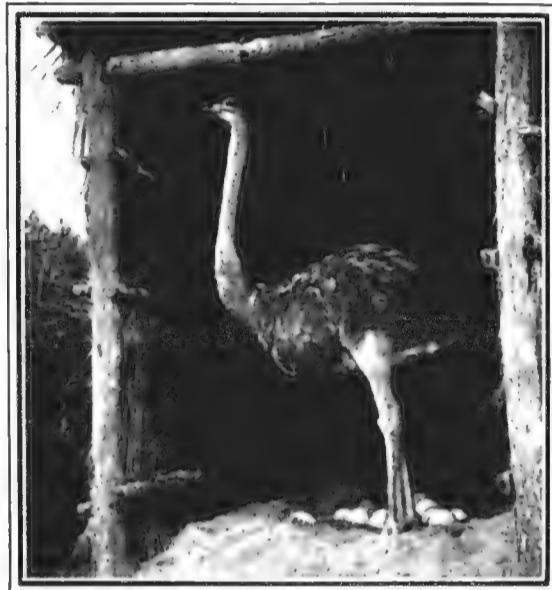
A HIVE SHOWING WORKER AND DRONE CELLS



THE KIWI, THE WINGLESS BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND



SETTER PUPPIES



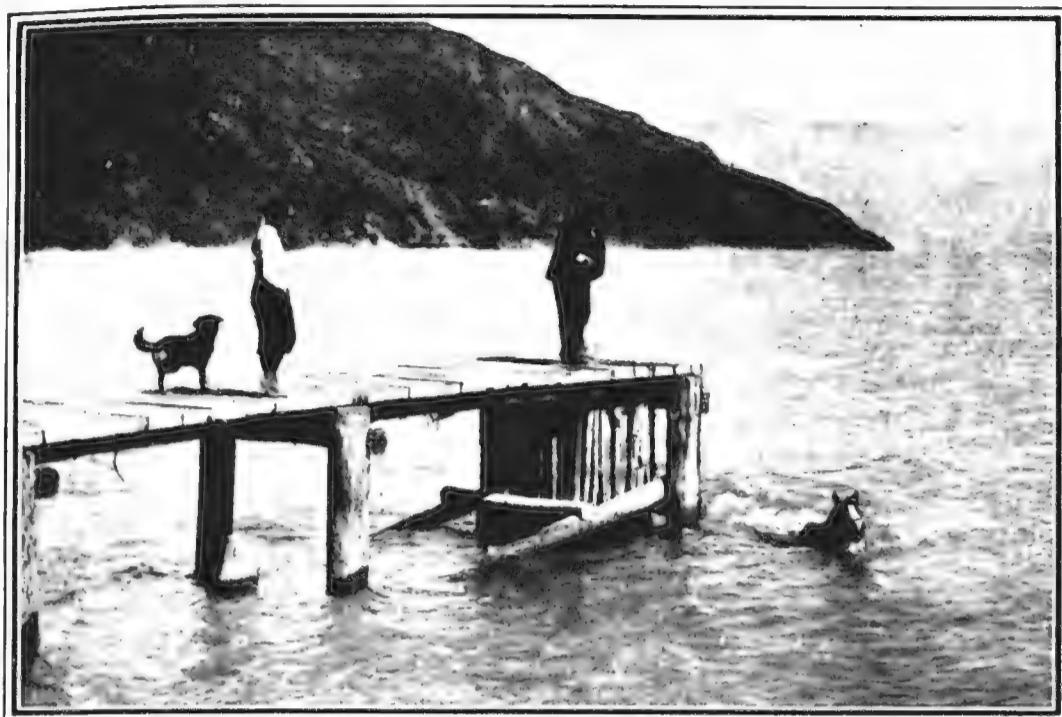
AN OSTRICH AND HER EGGS



MUSTERING THE FLOCK FOR SHEARING, LAKE WAKATIPU, N.Z.

A TOUR IN AUSTRALASIA WITH A CAMERA

From Photographs by W. Reid, Wishaw



GIVING A HORSE A BATH IN LAKE WAKATIPU, N.Z.



THE PET GOAT



MERINO RAMS IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA



A MILKMAID



FEEDING THE KANGAROOS



AUSTRALIAN SWANS AND CYGNETS

A TOUR IN AUSTRALASIA WITH A CAMERA

From Photographs by W. Reid, Wishaw



THE NEW LIVERPOOL SANATORIUM AT KINGSWOOD: THE BUNGALOWS

The Open-Air Treatment of Consumption

SIR ERNEST CASSEL's timely gift to the King, and His Majesty's announcement that he will devote the money to building sanatoria for the open-air treatment of the sufferers from tuberculosis, has aroused fresh interest in the cure of that dread disease, consumption. It is one of the great pleasures of the millionaire that he can contribute so largely to the happiness of his fellow-creatures. Consumption that attacks the young and fair is an especially tragic form of illness. The most lovely, the most exquisite of womanhood—for instance, the beautiful Duchess of Leinster, and the Duchess of Manchester's young daughter, whose charm and goodness endeared her to all—fell victims to its cruel clutches; and English girls seem specially prone to its advances. Who can tell how much misery and how many desolate homes have been caused through consumption. In country villages—in Scotland especially—the prettiest and brightest girls die prematurely from this disease. Sir Ernest Cassel's gift comes, indeed,

with special value and significance at this time of the year. The open air treatment of the disease is no new thing. Distinct traces of it are found in Celsus, Pliny, and other old writers; and it was advocated by our countrymen, Bodlington and MacCormac, the father of the late Sir William MacCormac, before anything was heard about it in Germany. To Brehmer and his disciples, however, belongs the credit of having created the sanatorium. They showed how a disease, already known theoretically to be curable, could actually be cured. Medical art does not, indeed, cure consumption; all that it can do is expressed in the phrase of the old French surgeon, "*Je le paux; Dieu le guarit.*" The treatment of consumption consists in keeping the patient in such conditions as will favour recovery. "Open air" is only one among these conditions. An adequate supply of food, rest, and the close individual attention of a physician of sufficiently masterful personality to enforce strict obedience to every detail of the regimen, are at least equally necessary. Of the forced feeding that is perhaps the most essential feature in the treatment, an idea may be gained from the following account given by an English medical man, who was a patient at Nordrach. Speaking of the meals, he says:—

"Three a day, at eight, one, and seven, they came with pitiless regularity. A platter of pork and potatoes, a leg and wing of a chicken, salad, and more potatoes, and to finish a large wedge of very solid pastry, would constitute a typical dinner; not more, indeed, than a man of hearty appetite would consume, but to the feeble invalid a Gargantuan repast. Moreover, *mirabile dictu*, I was persuaded by the magic of the doctor's personality to eat it all. Once only did exhausted nature absolutely rebel. It was on August 7th, when I had lost half a pound in weight. Then came the doctor, serious and impressive, and plainly told me that if I did not eat I should assuredly die. The mental stimulus was exactly what was needed; and let that be the answer to those who, without knowing the real man, *civil* at what they call the 'Prussian' method of treating phthisis. It was to the invalid like the encouragement of the general to his men, reeling from the enemy's fire."

In this passage is revealed the most important element in the treatment, that is the moral influence brought to bear by the physician on the patient, in whom not only is the flesh weak but the spirit often very faint.

In this country, the open-air treatment has often proved a failure, because the feeding was inadequate, and the rest not absolute, the patient being surrounded by sympathetic friends, who made him talk, while he was even allowed to leave his bed when the temperature



THE NEW LIVERPOOL SANATORIUM: THE MAIN BUILDING

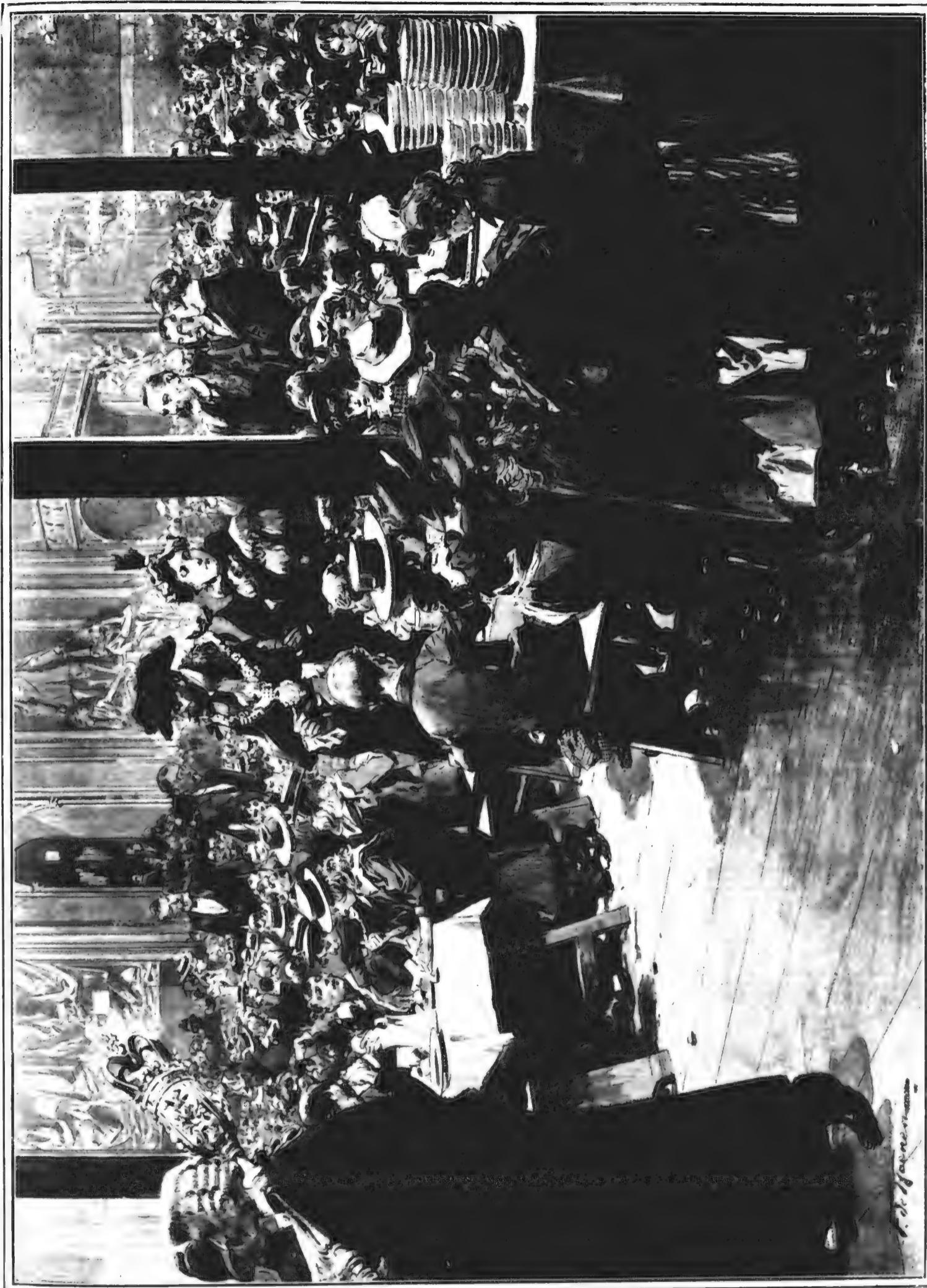
indicated activity of the mischief in the lungs. Results equal to those recorded at any foreign sanatorium have, however, been obtained when the treatment has been properly carried out. Even in the heart of crowded cities, such as Liverpool and London, many cases have been treated by the open-air method with success, and it has been conclusively proved that, in the words of one of our leading authorities on diseases of the chest, "the wan look of the febrile *pauprinaire* may be banished as successfully on the banks of the Thames as in the mountain air of the Grisons or the Engadine."

Our large illustration shows patients undergoing the open-air treatment in the Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption at Hampstead. What may be called the policy of the open window is in force, but the patients are protected from cold by abundant wrappings. The results have been encouraging, but, unfortunately, cases are too often sent in at advanced stages of the disease, when complete recovery is difficult. The two smaller illustrations (from photographs by H. Deulen, Bootle) shows the Liverpool Sanatorium, Kingswood, and in the Delamere. This institution was opened last autumn, and is in connection with the Liverpool Hospital for Consumption.



THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION: PATIENTS AT MOUNT VERNON HOSPITAL AT HAMPSTEAD

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. B. M. PAXTON



The eighth annual banquet and entertainment provided through the efforts of Sir William Travers for poor and crippled children, and their families, in the Regent's School Union, was held in the Gaiety last week. There were sent 1,200 children from all parts of London, and they did the best of justice to 1,200 lbs. of meat, 200 quarts of bread, 750 lbs. of flour, 1,000 lbs. of butter, 200 lbs. of sugar, and 600 lbs. of fruit. The land of the City Police, the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Engineers, were the scenes of the entertainment, and dinner and a dance followed the banquet.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY DE HANSEN

There were 17 sent 1,500 children from all parts of London, and the children received gifts from several firms. After the banquet came soi ^g and da.



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. J. P. JEFFCOAT
Killed at Tafelkop



THE LATE SEC. LIEUT. L. P. RUSSELL
Died of Wounds received at Holland



PRIVATE W. BEES
Awarded the V.C.



THE LATE SEC. LIEUT. F. J. YOUNGER
Killed between Clan William and Calvinia



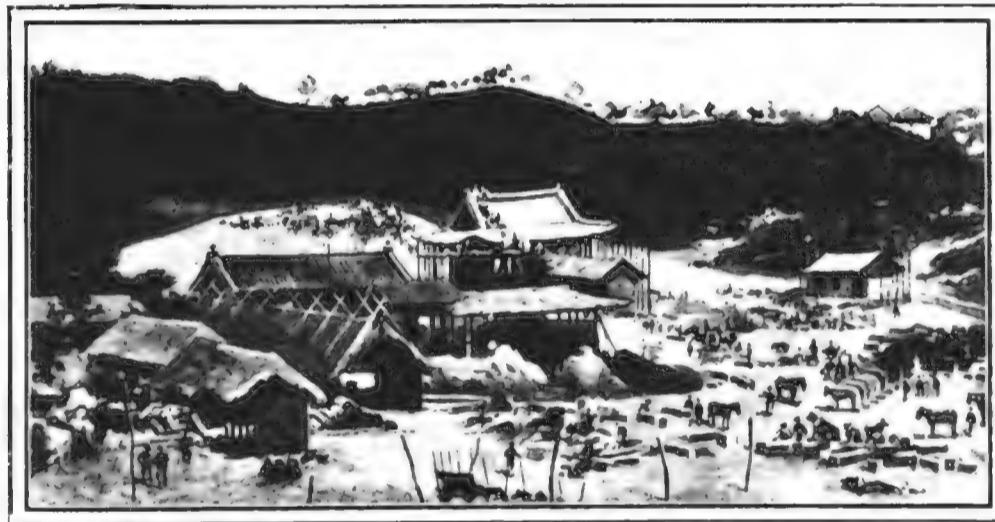
THE LATE CAPTAIN R. M. DOWIE
Died of wounds received at Vrededorp

The Queen of Corea's Tomb

An occasional correspondent in Corea writes:—“By far the most imposing ceremony witnessed in Corea for many years will be held shortly, on the completion of the tomb of the murdered Queen of Corea, when the King will visit the tomb in State, and make offerings to the mines of his late consort. It will be remembered that the Queen was foully done to death in her own Palace, at Seoul, by the Japanese soldiery, at the instigation of Count Miura—then the Japanese Minister at the Court of Corea—an act which was speedily disavowed by the Japanese Government, who recalled their representative and dismissed him. The Japanese had cremated the body in the Palace grounds, and nothing but a few ashes and a finger were discovered. These have been carefully treasured, and at the Royal

command a tomb, similar in every respect to that of the Typhoon, the present King's father, is now in the course of construction on a spot carefully selected by the geomancers, at some miles distance from the capital. A broad highway, connecting the two places, has recently been finished, and along this route the King will pass with all his retinue of State, three times a year, to worship at his wife's grave. It is impossible to approach the tomb near enough to get a proper view of it, as it is always surrounded by soldiers, whose chief duty seems to be to eat up the food which is sent weekly from the Palace for the Queen's spirit. In common with all Oriental races, the Coreans have great veneration for the dead, and the most striking feature of the country round Seoul are the fine stone figures which act as grave-keepers and guardians. The dead, indeed, seem to monopolise the fine hill slopes for many miles round the capital. The graves of the rich consist of lofty mounds surrounded by a stone balustrade, the hill

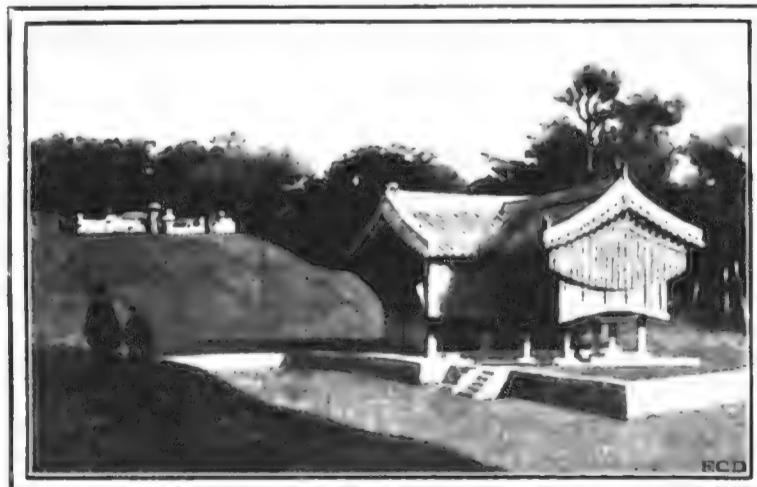
being terraced in front and hollowed out in the shape of a horseshoe behind. In front of the mound stands a stone altar, and at the foot of the hill is the temple containing the ancestral tablets. It is here that the people make sacrifice to the dead. Behind the graves it is usual to plant a row of pines, which add greatly to the beauty of the scene. The ground around a King's tomb is sacred, and no one is allowed to be buried within three miles of his grave. Leading up and surrounding the Royal tombs are rows of gigantic stone figures representing priests, warriors in armour, servants, horses and sheep, the duty of the latter being to appease the hunger of any spirit tiger which may attempt to steal the dead man's soul.” The old Palace in Seoul, the entrance gate to which is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, was suddenly abandoned some years ago, owing to the whimsical but characteristically Corean reason that it was haunted. A new Palace was accordingly erected, and the old one was allowed to fall to ruin.



Hundreds of stonecutters are at work here on the stone monuments—sheep, goats, dogs and horses—to be erected round the tomb
A RUSTY SCENE AT THE SITE OF THE QUEEN'S TOMB



ONE OF THE STONE DRAGON-DOGS GUARDING THE GATE OF
THE OLD PALACE AT SEOUL



TOMB AND TEMPLE OF THE PRESENT EMPEROR'S FATHER



A COREAN EMPEROR'S TOMB 400 YEARS OLD

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"The Twin Sister"

BY W. MOY THOMAS

LIKE Phoebe's beauty, Mr. Louis N. Parker's poetical play from the German of Herr Fulda, is, doubtless, not for all markets; but it is, nevertheless, a very pretty piece, and is, moreover, admirably acted and mounted with a degree of picturesqueness which could hardly be over-praised. It is a question of temperament and habit of mind. Those who bring with them to the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre common-sense notions about plays and stories will be apt to object to the theme of *The Twin Sister* as improbable, not to say impossible; others may feel that the action is conducted with a naive sort of ingenuity which savours rather of the nursery legend than of the drama that claims to be an imitation of human life. But the dramatist, besides presenting the action as passing in the loggia of a villa near Padua, has chosen for his period the fourteenth century—the time of the "Novellino" and the "Decamerone," and his work is both in conception and in execution tinged with the spirit of the Italian Novelle and their French and English imitators. People who want to know whether Shylock's verdict for a pound of the Jew's flesh, or that business at Belmont about the caskets, was likely to have happened at any period of the world's history; serious persons who cannot believe that Orlando in the forest would not have recognised his merry lady-love, who had not even taken the trouble to "smirch the face with a kind of unber," will certainly find little pleasure in this play; for it is the author's postulate that it is possible for Orlando della Torre, who has lived for five years in close companionship with his wife Giuditta, to mistake her for her own twin-sister, and while she is maintaining this disguise, even to fall violently in love with the wife whom he has habitually slighted and despised, without a suspicion of the trick that has been played upon him. It is the wife's ruse for curing her husband of his indifference, and particularly of his habit of becoming suddenly enamoured of the first pretty woman that he meets, not even excepting Lisa, the comely, but silly stuttering wife of his own huntsman. The scheme is, of course, of Giuditta's own devising, and it is represented as entirely successful, for when Giuditta's real twin sister Renata arrives upon the scene, not even the wife's dyed hair, nor her assumption of a playful spirit that seems foreign to her nature, can, in spite of the resemblance, avail any longer to maintain the deception.

Mr. H. B. Irving, as Orlando, though his style was rather heavy in the earlier acts, greatly distinguished himself by the force of passion which he exhibited in the later situations. Miss Lily Brayton, in the part of Giuditta, shows skill and resource in association with a very pleasing presence; Mr. Ben Webster makes the most of an incidental character, but is absent from the scene too long to make any strong impression. Mr. Norman Forbes's portrait of Orlando's friend, the profligate, roysterer old Count Andrea, who reminds one rather forcibly of Sir Toby Belch, suffered, on the other hand, from a certain excess of colouring. Miss Beatrice Ferrar played the vain and silly Lisa with her usual humour and feeling for character, and a word of praise must be reserved for the child actress, Miss Elsie Q. May, for her natural and intelligent performance of Orlando's little son.

"FROCKS AND FRILLS"

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"The Twin Sister"

BY W. MOY THOMAS

LIKE Phoebe's beauty, Mr. Louis N. Parker's poetical play from the German of Herr Fuld, is, doubtless, not for all markets; but it is, nevertheless, a very pretty piece, and is, moreover, admirably acted and mounted with a degree of picturesqueness which could hardly be over-praised. It is a question of temperament and habit of mind. Those who bring with them to the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre commonsense notions about plays and stories will be apt to object to the theme of *The Twin Sister* as improbable, not to say impossible; others may feel that the action is conducted with a naive sort of ingenuity which savours rather of the nursery legend than of the drama that claims to be an imitation of human life. But the dramatist, besides presenting the action as passing in the loggia of a villa near Padua, has chosen for his period the fourteenth century—the time of the "Novellino" and the "Decameron," and his work is both in conception and in execution tinged with the spirit of the Italian Novelle and their French and English imitators. People who want to know whether Shylock's verdict for a pound of the Jew's flesh, or that business at Belmont about the caskets, was likely to have happened at any period of the world's history; serious persons who cannot believe that Orlando in the forest would not have recognised his merry lady-love, who had not even taken the trouble to "smirch the face with a kind of unher," will certainly find little pleasure in this play; for it is the author's postulate that it is possible for Orlando della Torre, who has lived for five years in close companionship with his wife Giuditta, to mistake her for her own twin-sister, and while she is maintaining this disguise, even to fall violently in love with the wife whom he has habitually slighted and despised, without a suspicion of the trick that has been played upon him. It is the wife's ruse for curing her husband of his indifference, and particularly of his habit of becoming suddenly enamoured of the first pretty woman that he meets, not even excepting Lisa, the comely, but silly stuttering wife of his own huntsman. The scheme is, of course, of Giuditta's own devising, and it is represented as entirely successful, for when Giuditta's real twin sister Renata arrives upon the scene, not even the wife's dyed hair, nor her assumption of a playful spirit that seems foreign to her nature, can, in spite of the resemblance, avail any longer to maintain the deception.

Mr. H. B. Irving, as Orlando, though his style was rather heavy in the earlier acts, greatly distinguished himself by the force of passion which he exhibited in the later situations. Miss Lily Brayton, in the part of Giuditta, shows skill and resource in association with a very pleasing presence; Mr. Ben Webster makes the most of an incidental character, but is absent from the scene too long to make any strong impression. Mr. Norman Forbes's portrait of Orlando's friend, the profligate, roistering old Count Andrea, who reminds one rather forcibly of Sir Toby Belch, suffered, on the other hand, from a certain excess of colouring. Miss Beatrice Ferrar played the vain and silly Lisa with her usual humour and feeling for character, and a word of praise must be reserved for the child actress, Miss Ela Q. May, for her natural and intelligent performance of Orlando's little son.

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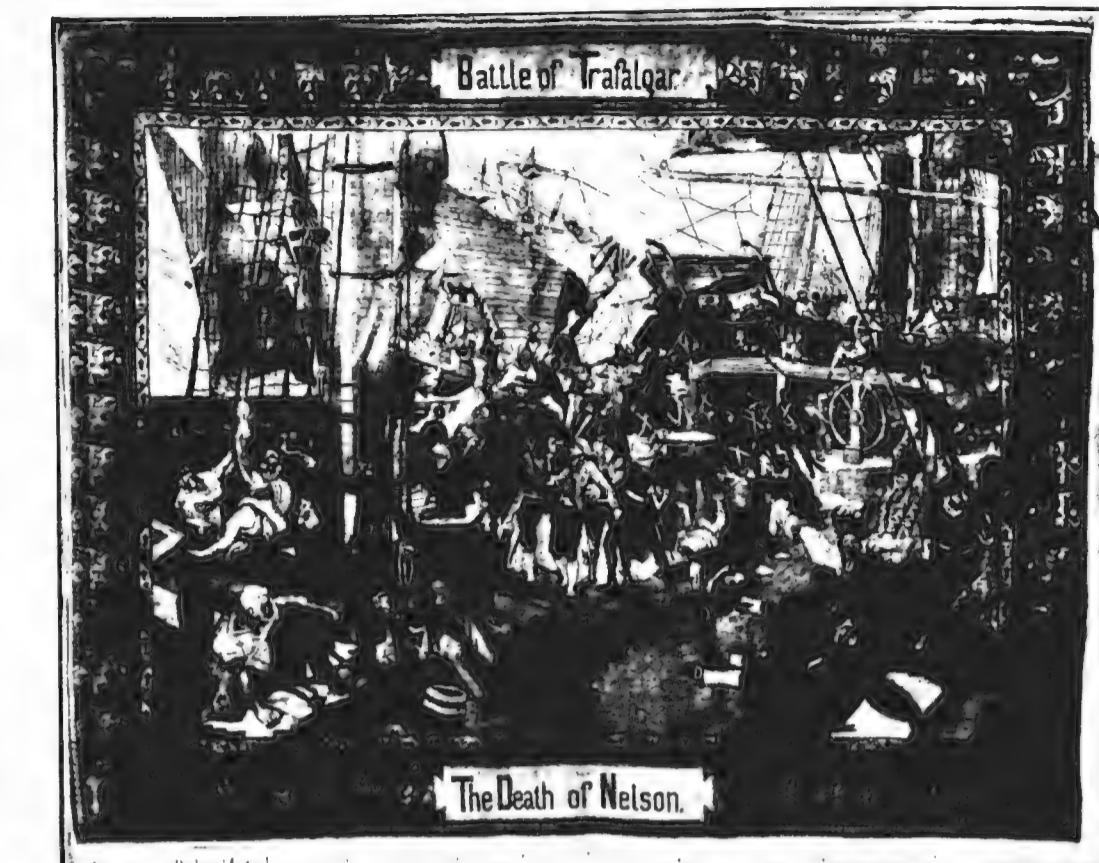
ART and industry have their romances to the full as fascinating as those of love and war—at any rate, very much more so than the least extravagant of those tissues of impossible adventure which seem, for the moment, to have driven common sense and human nature out of the field. There is not a false touch of any sort in Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "Marietta: A Maid of Venice" (Macmillan and Co.); and yet a more entirely romantic episode would be hard to find. It deals with the pre-eminently artistic industry, or rather mystery, of the glass-workers of Murano, in whose hands Venetian glass came to be counted as among the wonders of the world. Mr. Crawford tells, in a note, that his story of Zorzi Ballarin the Dalmatian, and Marietta Beroviero, is not mere fiction; that it has been told as history in various ways; and that he has selected the form which has the double merit of being certainly the most romantic, and probably the most true. How Zorzi, nicknamed "Ballarin," the "dancer," on account of his lameness, forbidden even to learn the great Venetian craft as not being Venetian born, friendless, and of no account save as the butt of malice and calumny, nevertheless, by the force of genius, courage, and loyal integrity, became a great master, is one side of the story. The other is how the same crippled nobody won the hand of the beautiful Marietta, the betrothed of a Contarini, and as brave and noble a maiden as even Zorzi deserved. The customs and privileges of the glass-workers, on which the plot is based, have a curious interest of their own, besides giving a special picturesqueness to one of the best of Mr. Crawford's novels.

"THE WORLD AND WINSTOW"

Miss Edith Henrietta Fowler's "The World and Winstow" (Hodder and Stoughton) is a clever and wholesome novel, with the thinnest of stories for its length, but, despite its length, persistently interesting and entertaining. It is obvious that, in her social pictures, whether of the great or of some little world, the authoress has drawn extensively upon personal observation; many of her best characters have the effect of artistically touched-up photographs, and their talk of a verbatim report taken down in shorthand, and reproduced with no more than a sparkling of added wit to give it flavour. We can see the people and hear their voices—which is by no means often the case, even with novelists of a really high order. Perhaps the most amusing portion of "The World," as distinguished from "Winstow," is that which deals with the private and domestic side of political life, as illustrated, for example, by the womankind of the Cabinet Minister to whom her hero (to miscall him) acts as secretary: while "Winstow," whence the same unheroic hero rises in the "World," presents a contrast which is in itself a form and source of humour. Indeed, this contrast is the plot, and its development the story. The novel is one to be opened; and, as opening is certain to mean reading, we need say no more.

"THE RIGHT OF WAY"

"The Right of Way: being the Story of Charley Steele and Another" (William Heinemann) unquestionably stands in the foremost rank—indeed, with the freshness of its impression still upon us, we are inclined to say in the foremost place, among Mr. Gilbert Parker's novels. Apart from its French-Canadian setting, of which



This rug, which is about 5 ft. in length and 4 ft. in width, is of pure silk. It was manufactured at Smyrna, by H. Baliozian and Co. It took two Armenian girls fourteen months to complete, and has been sold to a London firm.

A SILK RUG FROM ARMENIA

Mr. Parker knows so well how to convey the whole picturesqueness of character from his own, with the complex blends of character due to the mixture of contrasted races on foreign soil, the story is of the deepest interest in respect both of dramatic interest and of individual portraiture. Its principal personage, Charley Steele, presents an entirely original study, under entirely fresh conditions, of the brilliant man of action, overflowing with personal fascination, to whom success is easier than failure is to others, but who *does* fail—it is for Mr. Parker, and not for us, to say how and why. There is unexpected originality, moreover,

even in the familiar methods of effecting his ascent from his dead self to higher things—the temporary loss of memory, his heroic acquiescence in undeserved dishonour, and that other inevitable influence under all sorts and conditions of circumstances which, in this case, bears the name of Rosalie. We must own to having felt the jar of a false note in the description of Charley's death, where what should have been the pathetic simplicity of the situation is sacrificed for the sake of a point at once far-fetched and feeble. "I beg your pardon," he whispered to the imagined figure "Death—and the light died out of his eyes: 'Have I—ever

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'AN IRISHMAN'S ELOQUENT PROTEST.'—Richard Lalor Sheil once startled the House of Commons and the country when the word "alien" was applied to him as an Irishman. "On the field of Waterloo," he exclaimed, "the blood of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen flowed in the same stream and drenched the same sod—when the cold gray morning dawned they lay stiff and stark together; in the same trench their bodies were laid; the green corn of spring bursts even now from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, are we not to be partakers in glory? Are we to be told we are aliens from that noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured?" The effect of the speech both inside and outside the House was electrical.

'TRUTH IS THE ROOT, BUT HUMAN SYMPATHY IS THE FLOWER OF PRACTICAL LIFE.'—Chopin.

THE MORAL.

'I need not be missed if another succeed me:
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He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by
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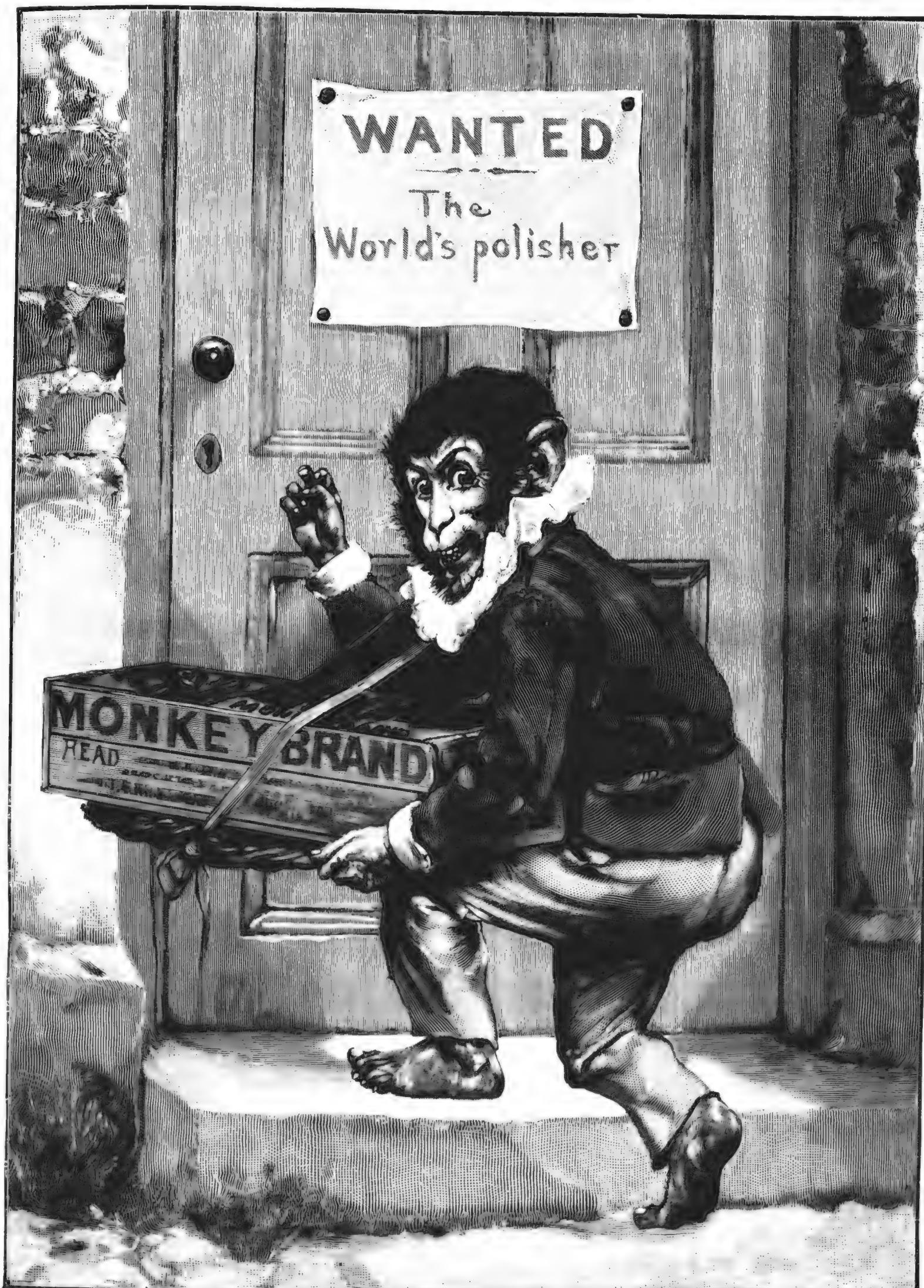
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been introduced—to you?" "At the hour of your birth, my son, and the Priest." However, we will change the metaphor, and call it not a false note, but a small spot upon an otherwise brilliant and unclouded sun.

"THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM"

It is in the interest of Eric Parker's story (Macmillan and Co.), that we usurp the author's privilege of explaining its title. Otherwise it is to be feared that where one novel-reader would be attracted by the promise of psychological or metaphysical profundity implied in "The Sinner and the Problem," at least a score would be repelled. But when we explain that "The Sinner" is one delightful little boy, and "The Problem" another, we may be sure that where one reader may be repelled, a hundred will be attracted. The quaint, unconscious humour of both these original little creatures will inspire a large circle with affection, and, for a while, with an anxiety lest their author should be tempted to purchase paths by boy-slaughter. The anxiety is happily baseless, and nothing is left to mar the effect not only of the story—if such it can be called—but of the delicate, water-colour-like landscapes in words which give it a separate and distinctive charm, and blend with its humour in a way that is easier to enjoy than to describe.

"THE MYSTERY OF MARY STUART"

Although whatever Mr. Andrew Lang writes is well worthy of perusal, this volume will hardly, in a general way, commend itself to, nor for that matter is it intended for, the great majority of the reading public. It is written for students of history, and more particularly those who have made a speciality of that portion of it which deals with the life and death of Mary Stuart. In the author's own words, his object is "to show how the whole problem is affected by the discovery of the Lennox Papers, which admit us behind the scenes and enable us to see how Mary's prosecutors, especially the Earl of Lennox, the father of the murdered husband, got up their case." The letters in question are able and carefully criticised, and as far as the incriminating epistle from Mary to Bothwell, known as Letter H., is concerned, he is convinced that it is in part a forgery, or at least bears evidence of garbling. Yet Mr. Lang makes no attempt to pronounce a final judgment as to the guilt or guiltlessness of the Queen, or as to how far she participated in or was cognisant of the plot to murder her husband. The work partakes more of the character of a judicial summing-up, and the verdict is left for the jury of readers to decide. Apart from the letters, the book, dealing as it does with the ever-fascinating problem of Mary Stuart's guilt or innocence, and written by so able an authority as Mr. Lang, is extremely interesting, and the portraits of the actors in the tragedy are finely drawn. Darnley, the unfortunate victim of the plot, presents but a poor figure, particularly in comparison to his courageous and high-spirited Queen (for these qualities even her enemies allowed that she possessed). According to the author, he

"The Mystery of Mary Stuart." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.

"Links with the Past." By Mrs. Charles Bagot. (Arnold.)

was "a petulant, ambitious boy; sullen, suspicious, resentful, swayed by the ambition to be a king in earnest, but too indolent in affairs for the business of a king." Added to which his promiscuous loose living had ruined his health, and he was also addicted to drink. It is, therefore, not surprising, nor did it need the passion for Bothwell to make Mary long for "freedom from the young fool." After speaking of the cowardly and more than cruel treatment to which the Queen was subjected by her husband, the writer continues: "It is not wonderful if, in an age of treachery and revenge, the character of Mary now broke down. 'I would not do it to him for my own revenge. My heart bleeds at it,' she says to Bothwell in the Casket Letter H., if that was written by her. But, whatever her part in it, the deed was done." In another part of the volume Mr. Lang says: "Mary, at worst, and even admitting her guilt (guilt monstrous and horrible to contemplate), seems to have been a nobler nature than any of the persons most closely associated with her fortunes." Which, "admitting her guilt," does not say much for Bothwell, the fascinating Maitland of Lethington, or Mr. Froude's "noble" and "stainless" Moray.

"LINKS WITH THE PAST"

It is not often that we have the good fortune to come across so charming a *pot-pourri* of reminiscences as is contained in this fascinating volume. Mrs. Bagot was born in 1821, and notwithstanding that at the time of her marriage, and at the request of her husband, she destroyed all the journals that she had kept until then, yet her extensive memory has now enabled her to chronicle numerous interesting conversations, events and amusing anecdotes which took place in the early years of last century. She is the daughter of a distinguished naval officer, Admiral Percy, and a niece of the fifth Duke of Northumberland, whilst by her marriage to Captain—afterwards Colonel—Bagot, who later became Assistant-Master of the Ceremonies to Queen Victoria, she was related to the Duke of Wellington. It will be seen, therefore, that not only did the writer move in the best of society, but also came into contact with many of the most notable persons of her time. The account she gives of her father's career is extremely interesting. He joined the Navy at the time of the Mutiny at the Nore, greatly distinguished himself during the war with France, during part of which he served on board the *Trafalgar*, under Nelson, and was eventually appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope station. His daughter accompanied him during this last commission, and met with many amusing and curious adventures. Amongst others, she even participated in the capture of a slave dhow. Mrs. Bagot's personal reminiscences cover the last three-quarters of a century, but the "links" take her much farther back; for in her book are included many interesting extracts from the diary of Major Percy, who brought home Wellington's despatches from Waterloo, and she also makes liberal use of the diary of her husband's relative, Miss Mary Bagot, who narrates many anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Johnson, and "a young man of Cambridge, T. B. Macaulay."

"Links with the Past." By Mrs. Charles Bagot. (Arnold.)

THE Press, the medisees, even the theatres with their display of wonderful dresses, are urging on women to a career of the wildest extravagance. The Coronation, they say, is to see wonderful sights. People talk of suits that are to cost one guinea an inch, and of priceless furs and peerless hats. Yet this expenditure into which women plunge so gaily comes at a time when the Income Tax presses heavily, when many homes are desolate with mourning, when prices rule high, and rents and taxes are rising every day. The new era of women's emancipation promised increased sens and reason among the feminine population. Instead, what do we see? Costly dresses, profuse display, lavish expenditure, and, as a consequence, debt! Women's incomes have not risen, though their wants and expenses include a thousand new outlets. Women of the lower orders imitate the superior, and the love of dress spreads ever upwards, until the question has become a very serious one for fathers and husbands. The story of the Empress Josephine, her debts, her extravagance, and the scenes and reproaches of her husband, are daily repeated in many a family in England. A delusion of dressmaking seems to have taken hold of the sober women, and is rapidly luring them to ruin.

If anyone ever doubted that clothes and upholstery do not make plays, let them go to the German theatre. There they will find no showroom on the stage, but simple, engrossing domestic stories, real pathos, real harmony, and every actor an artist who depends for his effects on his truth to nature. Here there is no gorgon *metamorphosis*, but, *per contra*, the dramatist (possibly such a great writer as Sudermann) has a story of real life to tell, of the true passions and emotions even of trivial people, like ordinary middle-class folk, with their loves, their hates, their jealousies, and their vanities. The little band of earnest German players deserve better than empty benches and a scanty audience, and our young actor and actresses would do well to study their methods and learn some of the naturalness of action and demeanour which constitute a character, instead of a languid dummy parading the stage in trailing skirts.

The children's fancy dress ball that takes place at the Crystal Palace on the 15th inst., will not only be a pretty and attractive sight, but is intended to profit the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, a most admirable and deserving charity. The patrons include the Princess of Wales and all the highest in the land. A large ballroom, with four other rooms leading out of it, will form a fairy vista, and the enjoyment of the little ones who take part in the charitable proceedings will not be the least delightful part of the entertainment.

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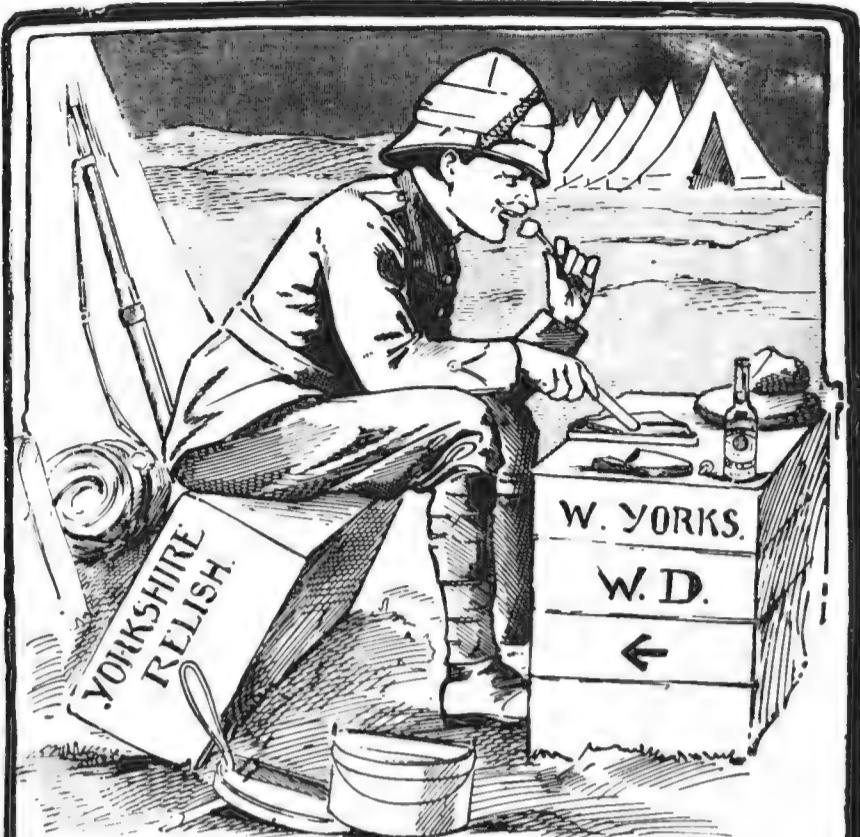
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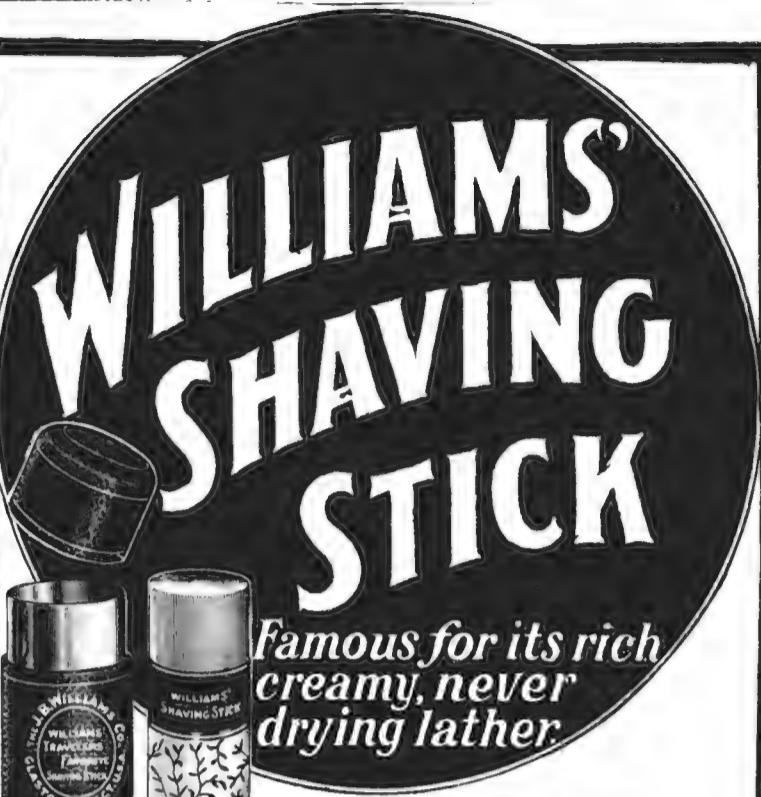
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Gambling seems again to have invaded Society. People are curiously watching the proceedings of Lord Rosslyn at Monte Carlo, who has set himself to break the bank and amass a fortune by a system he believes infallible. Many people have tried the same, and put faith in their own combinations, only to find that at the critical moment the system broke down. The only perfect system for gambling is to be indifferent to be rich, and to be lucky. Such a combination often proves fortunate. But, surely, no one viewing the riches and splendour of the administration at Monte Carlo could ever hope to beat the bank at its own game. No gambler ever died rich, which proves the fallacy of the proceeding. Many women are gamblers at heart, and the popularity of Bridge and the high points even women play have done much to revive the love of gambling, which, during the Victorian Era, had apparently died out. Our great-grandmothers flew to cards as a solace for all ills, and it seems as though their granddaughters were likely to do the same.

People use various ways to emphasize their emotions. Perhaps the most curious are the obituary notices in memory of departed relations, and the advertised good wishes to their friends. It is difficult to believe that such advertisements answer any useful purpose. The sympathy and pleasure given by a personal letter evaporates, when one is only missed with a number of unknown friends, and the tender touch of affection is absent from the public advertisement. People no longer write or cherish letters. The packet of faintly perfumed papers, with the dearly loved, faded handwriting on them, will never be treasured in the secret drawer, or tied up with the orthodox blue ribbon. An elastic band, an envelope directed like a bill, is all we can afford our business letters. Our friends' letters we consign to the waste-paper basket, if, indeed, they write at all and do not wire or telephone their news.

The hideous libels on English soldiers circulated in Germany ought to stir every English woman's heart to righteous anger and disgust. That our men, our boys, should be primitive and cold-blooded savages we know to be untrue, although English instinct turns against it, and it becomes the duty of every English woman to stand up for the honour of her father, her husband, and her brother. The patience, courage, self-restraint and endurance of every member of the British Army, from officer to man, has been the one bright redeeming light in this sad and terrible war, and the joy of knowing that the women's faith in them is firm and enduring, has cheered many a sore heart on the field of battle. We cannot, we dare not, sit down tamely under these imputations. Manliness and chivalry to women are, after all, the main virtues insisted on in public schools and private houses, where, perhaps, book-learning is too often neglected.

Music

COURT AND CORONATION MUSIC

It has now, as was indeed anticipated, been decided that only a comparatively small force of instrumentalists and singers will be needed at the Coronation Service in Westminster Abbey. In all probability the Abbey and Chapel Royal Choirs, with a modest orchestra of perhaps twenty players to reinforce the organ, will suffice. Also the programme, beyond question, will be less elaborate than at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. There were then five anthems, and altogether indeed nearly four hours of music. At the coming Coronation, although the scheme has yet to be approved by the King, there will of course be the usual "flourishes" performed by the State Trumpeters, with Mr. Pique, the newly re-appointed Sergeant Trumpeter, at their head. These trumpeters and their trumpets, adorned with those bannerets which were so beautifully illustrated in Mr. Gibbs' book at the Albert Hall Exhibition, will be stationed on the top of the organ screen. Then there will be marches for the various processions, one of these marches very possibly being the march which carries off the prize offered by the Musicians' Company. Nearly 200 marches have been sent in, and the adjudication is now in the hands of Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Hubert Parry, and Sir Walter Parratt. Besides these it is usual at Coronations to have the "Te Deum" (it is hoped a more modern setting than that of Dr. Boyce), the hymn "Veni Creator," which, it seems, has been sung at every Coronation since the reign of Richard II., but will now, of course, be sung to Pelham Humphrey's "Grund Chant," Handel's "Zadok the Priest," composed for the Coronation of George II., and the "Hallelujah" Chorus. There is also a talk of an anthem to be composed by Sir Frederick Bridge at the point where Queen Alexandra is crowned, and this, with the National Anthem, will in all probability complete the musical programme.

The office of Composer to the Chapel Royal is now vacant by the retirement, on a pension, of Dr. William Creser. This retirement has nothing whatever to do with the choice of Sir Frederick Bridge as Coronation organist, although hitherto it has been the custom to appoint the Composer of the Chapel Royal as organist on such occasions. The office of Composer was instituted in 1669, by Mary, Queen of William of Orange, who, being rather disgusted at the state of the music at Whitehall in her day, appointed a "Composer" at 40/- a year, one of whose duties was to compose an anthem on the first Sunday of his month in residence. Amongst those who held the office were Weldon, Croft, Greene, Travers, Nares, Boyce, Daquin and Attwood. The composer was not necessarily organist, and, indeed, only a few years ago, Sir John Joss, organist of St. Paul's, was "Composer to the Chapel Royal," while the organist was Mr. Jekyll. The duties of organist, which Dr. Creser also held, are to train the choir (which consists of eight gentlemen and

ten boys, who at service wear the State uniform) to play at the Sunday services, and also at the early morning service, which the King usually attends in the old German Chapel. The post is not very well paid, but the office is an honourable one, and there will certainly be many candidates for it. The appointment is in the hands of a special committee, headed by the Lord Chamberlain, and nominated by the King.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

The Popular Concert season was resumed on Saturday, when the Parisian Trio made their first appearance. Individually, however, the members are better known, for M. Pugno, the pianist of the Paris Conservatoire, has frequently appeared here, while M. Hollmann, the violoncellist, is practically a resident in London. The violinist is M. Thibaud, a clever performer, who, however, needs a broader and more powerful tone to compete with a modern grand piano as played by M. Pugno. Otherwise the performance was a very good one, and Dr. Saint-Saëns' piano trio in E minor, which had not been heard at the Popular Concerts, although it is familiar elsewhere to amateurs, was keenly enjoyed.

NOTES AND NEWS

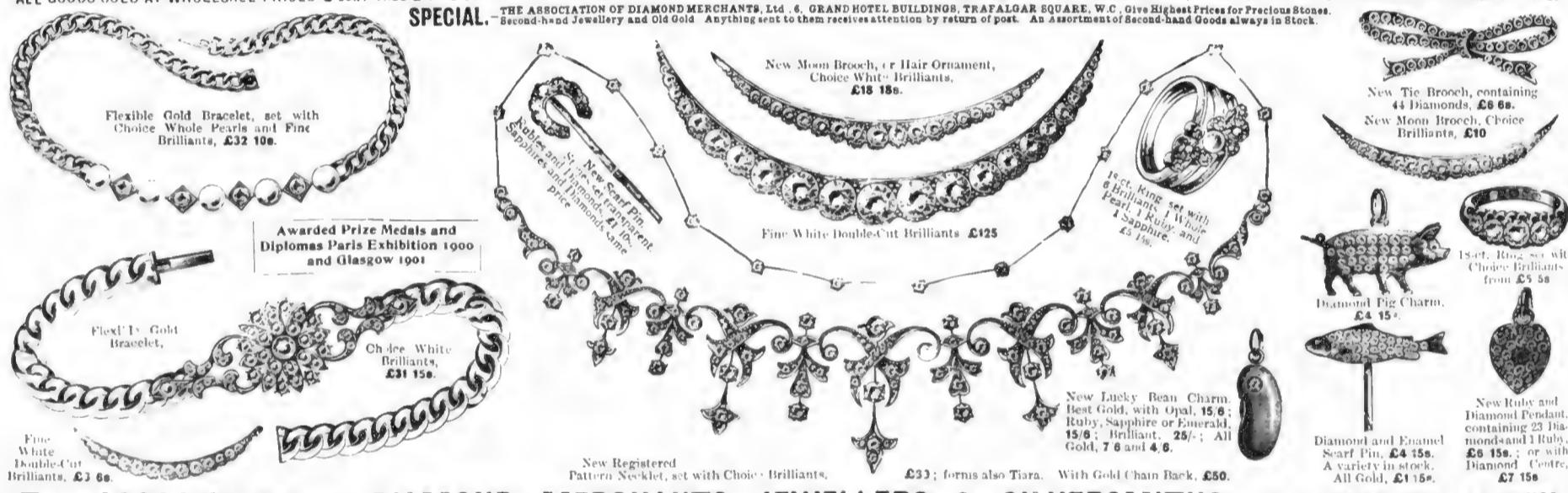
We have better news of the health of many operatic favourites, who seem to have found the weather abroad almost as trying as in England. M. Jean de Reszke, after several disappointments, appeared for the first time in public in Paris as the younger Siegfried on Friday, winning an immense success, which, by the way, was shared by the stage manager, who has put Wagner's opera (now heard for the first time in Paris) on the stage with wonderful effectiveness. Madame Calvé, who owing to a chill had been resting for some weeks, also last week made her reappearance in New York as Carmen; while Mr. Grau's performances have included *Tosca* with Madame Ternina, *Don Pasquale* with Madame Sembrich, and *Romeo* with Madame Eames and M. Alvarez.

The Philharmonic Society will give a matinée during the Coronation season, altogether apart from their ordinary evening performances. Among the works which they propose to introduce during this (their ninetieth annual) season are a Vocal Scene for Madame Clara Butt, composed by Mr. Herbert Bedford; two orchestral Tone Pictures by Mr. W. H. Bell; a new orchestral work by Dr. Cowen; a new Pianoforte Concerto in C minor by Rachmaninoff, to be played by M. Sipechkinoff; a new Violin Concerto in D minor by Mr. A. Randegger, jun., to be played by M. Kubelik; a Vocal Scene by Dr. Stanford, and the Overture to Sir A. C. Mackenzie's new, though hitherto unperformed, opera, *The Cricket on the Hearth*. In addition to the artists named, the pianists will include Messrs. Backhaus, Bauer and Emil Sauer; while M. Ondreick will play Brahms's Concerto, and the vocalists will include Mesdames Butt, McIntyre, Marchesi, Ravagli, and Sherwin, Messrs. F. Davies and Lumford.

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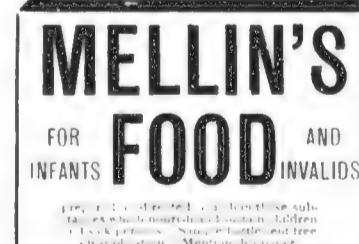
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Rural Notes

THE OLD YEAR

We now know the story of 1901. The months of June and July were dry, while September and October were also fine, but the extremely gloomy March, April, and May, followed later on by even darker weather than usual in November and December, resulted in the year's mean record of sunshine being below the average. With respect to rain, the months of March and December were wet, while in July and October the rainy days, though few, brought exceptionally heavy downpours. Against these facts were to be set a very dry period in January and February, again in May, and again in November. On the whole year 21.47 in. of rain were recorded in London, and 22.92 in. in West Middlesex; the mean for the Home counties was about 22 in. The mean for the last half-century is 25.02 in., so that 1901 left the subsoil deficient to the extent of fully three inches of moisture. As December was wetter than usual the surface soil is moist. The mean of wind force in 1901 was greatly exceeded; it was a very windy year. The Registrar-General's returns show that it was a very healthy one, and wind is doubtless a useful agency, preventing the stagnation of the air

in cities and crowded places. The temperature of the year was exactly an average. July, August, September, and October had over an average temperature, while February, March, and November were a good deal colder than usual. June and December had an average temperature. The hottest days came in July, the coldest in January, February, and November. April and October frosts were injurious to vegetation.

JANUARY WEATHER

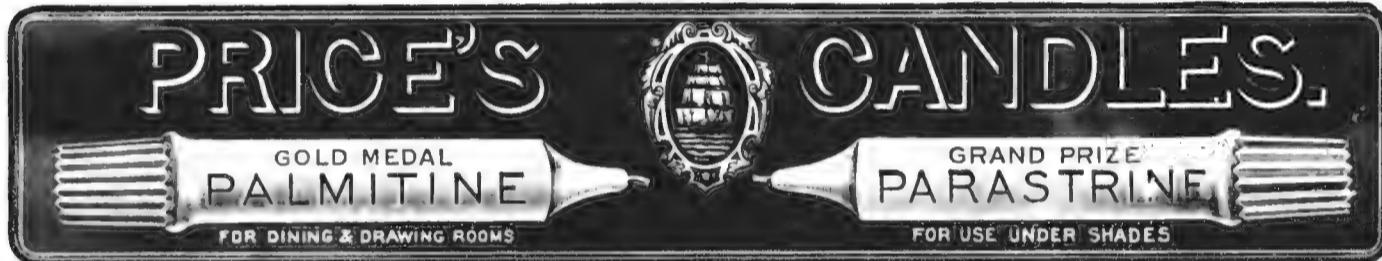
What sort of weather does the land like in January? The wheat gains by soft, steady and binding rain, which gives a good holding surface to the blades, and is far better than the friable state of land after frost. On the other hand, the sowers of barley in February—and the best malting barley is grown from February sowings—like the land to be in a crumbling, powdery condition by Candlemas. The forester fears continued frost, the owner of a shubbery has greater dread of short severe snaps of cold. The shepherds in Dorset and Hampshire, who have young lambs coming into existence all through January, do not mind cold, but have an extreme dislike to wet and wind coming together as they did on the 4th inst.; such weather, they allege, causes more sickness and mortality than any frost. The horse is an animal which, whether in town or country, suffers severely from muggy, close

and damp weather. Coming originally from the cold dry uplands of Central Asia, the horse still does best in the climate of his origin home. The fall of snow to the depth of a foot is very useful at this time to all agricultural land, but a really heavy snowfall breaks the boughs of trees to a disastrous extent. The worst of all January weather is that which unites snowfall with a high wind; this is bad for man and beast and equally injurious in town and country.

WINTER FLOWERS

The scarcity and dearth of winter flowers this January is assigned not to the Riviera supply failing, but to the backwardness of the Cornish and Scillonian gardens. The Great Western Railway has fostered this industry very steadily, so that it now undersells the foreign growths. But November in the West had a temperature four degrees below the average, and this deficiency at a critical moment has made all the bulbs a full fortnight late. The Scillonian cargoes that should have left on December 21 to catch the Christmas-market were not shipped till the 4th and 6th of the present month. There is a further reason for the poor show of flowers, and that is the general saving on luxuries which is following in the wake of a high income tax and generally enhanced taxation.

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The adventures

of a
trancher-
fed pack.

See Squoore tu ould Willum, soon winters aye,
"T' marnin's are soft an' t' scent lyin' low,
An' guineas I'd give, though, Lord knows! as I'm pore,
Tu roule across country a-huntin' wunst more."
Will scratched at his poll, then a-grinned wi' delight,
An' idee he'd got as ud's t' matters roight,
He hasted his thoigh an' a-gied un a smack.
Sez he, "Let's go hunt wi' a trancher-fed pack.

In t' green when at cricket a-playin' a match
T' parson appears wi' a team a-calls "scratch,"
So 't'our wi' out'll Willum, who twenty moile rode
A-searchin' vur houn' till a-poo'd an' a-blowl'd;
Varmer Brown lent a couple, t' lawyer had one,
An' Willum col-lectel, ere settin' o' sun,
A-gruntin' an' wheezin' alang in un's track,
Ha'scoore tu vat crit'urs—a trancher-fed pack.

Next morn in t' village t' Squoore did un meet;
As t' houn's war a-straddlin' alil over t' street,
Sez he, "Sukies alive! but yer're within' tu horst,
They're better at whom an' a-moinal t' roast."
Will blew at un's harn till a-pritty usigh burst,
While Squoore at t' Greyhound war spen-hin' un's thirst
An' chewin' a smuglyce, or som sooklike snack,
Avor rodin' off wi' that trancher-fed pack.



To cover they trotted roight gaily away,
See Squoore, "Will, I'm thinkin' t' beggars ull stay,
A-pulls well tergether an' varges ahead,
So p'raps 'twon't be lang ere a vox ull be dealt."
Yoong Tummus war droivin' wi' Maggi his broide,
I-bussin' an' huggin' t' wench by un's soide,
So busy war they that a-never looked back,
An' nougat did 'em know uv that trancher-fed pack.



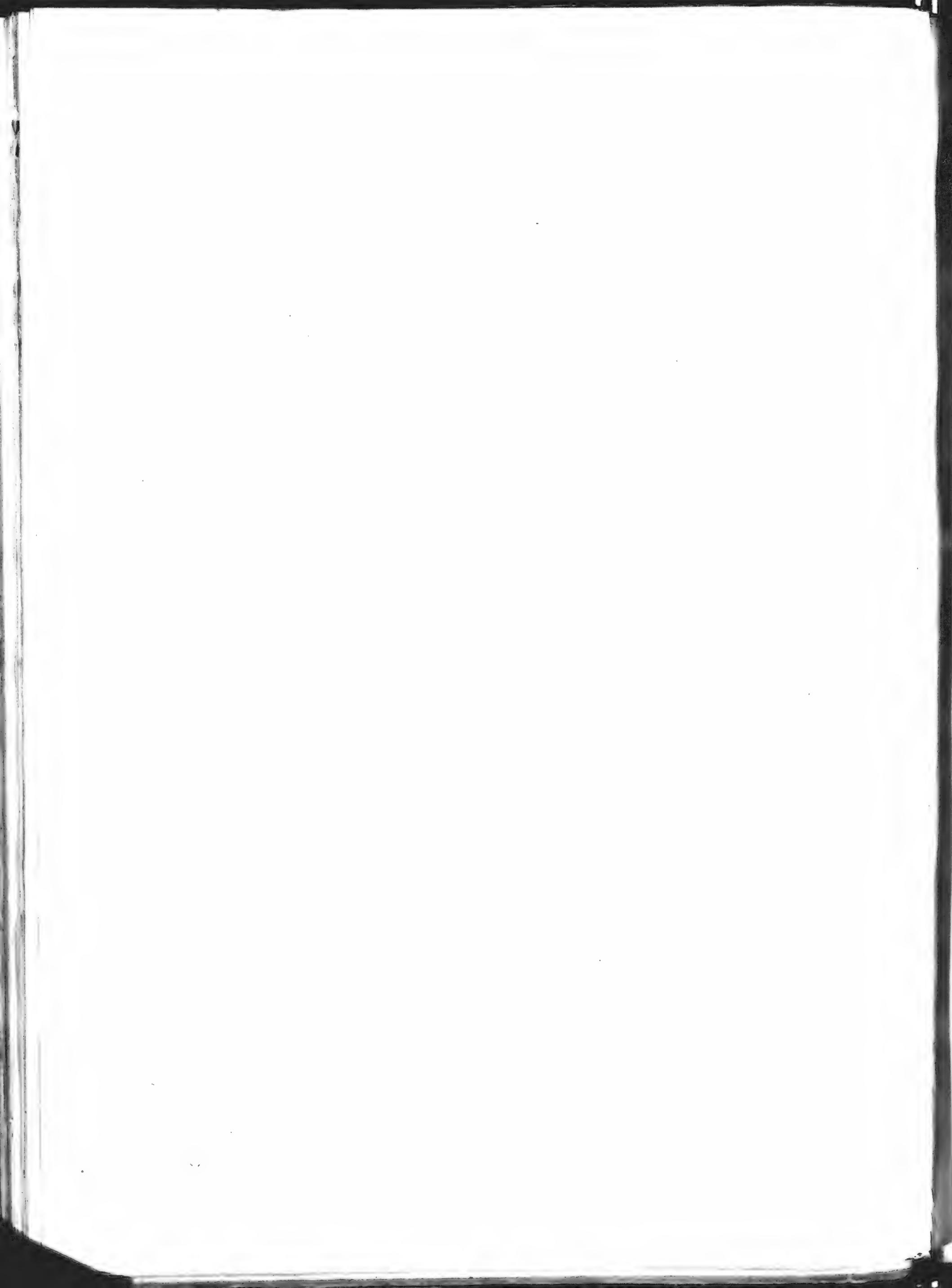
Naw t' hounds had observed, peepin' oondler t' seat,
 Two pair uv vat hams an' vour temptin' pigs' veet,
 Which Maggie wur hopin' tu sell at t' vair,
 Smaart gewgoes tu buy an' soom crackery-ware ;
 T'leader, w/out more adu, give a bound
 An' grabbed a vaine carcass wot tumbled tu ground ;
 Tum oop wi' his whip an' he hit un a crack—
 But wot could un du wi' a trenched-ved pack !

T' Squoire shuk wi' larfin', but Maggie she squalled
 At seem' her porkers ahl mangled an' mauled ;
 T' hounds by t' wayside did pantin'ly squat,
 Disgoosted to voind they'd ne'er collared t' lot ;
 Then Tummus joomped down vur tu settle t' scoore,
 An' when un had vanished pore Willum velt soore,
 His nose it wur bleedin', his eye turnin' black—
 So off he jogs whoam wi' his trenched-ved pack !

Edmund Peetey



LEGH SUTHERS & FRED HALL.



THE GRAPHIC, JANUARY 11, 1902

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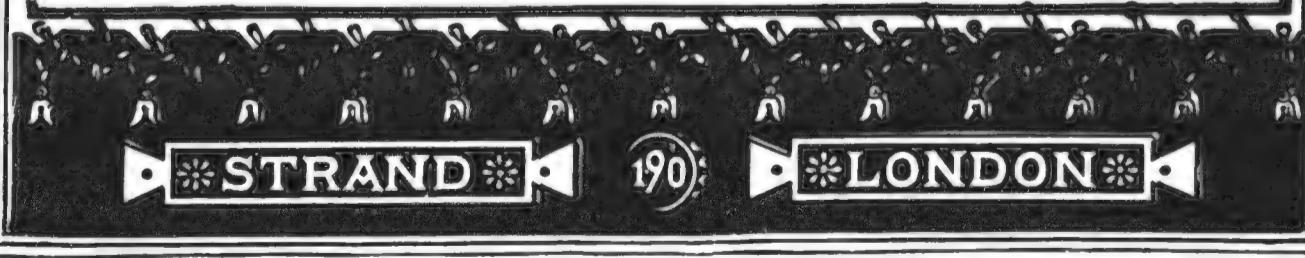
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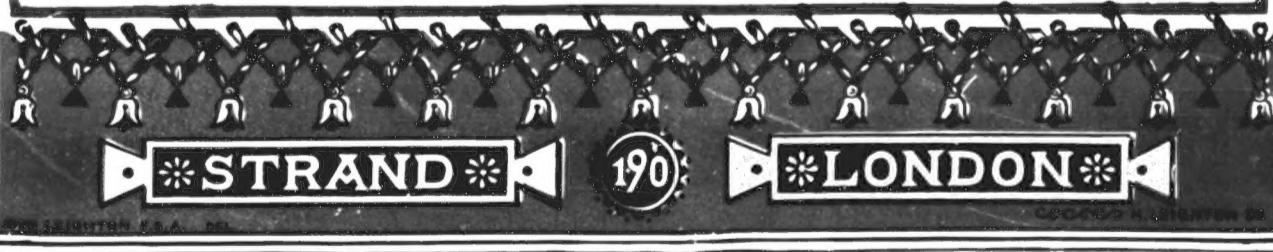
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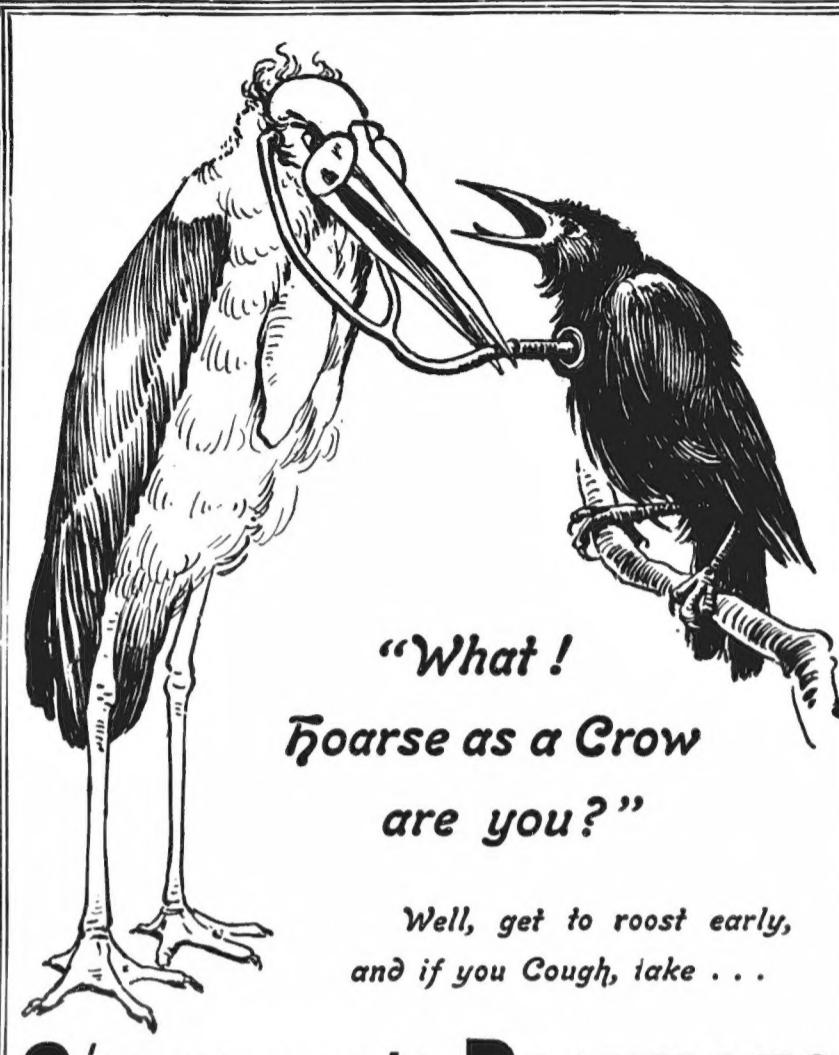
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